

FIRST ISSUE

AUGUST 16, 1964

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



25 CENTS

I HAVE A SPLIT



PERSONALITY

SOMETIMES I LIKE A LONG COAT



SUCH AS THIS DEEP-AND-WIDE-COLLARED LONG SWEEP OF LUXE BLACK ALPACA. SIZES 6 TO 18. ABOUT \$82.

SOMETIMES I LIKE A SHORT COAT



SUCH AS THIS ONE THAT'S BRIEF AND SWEET AND ALSO IN LUXE PERUVIAN ALPACA. SIZES 6 TO 18. ABOUT \$49.

...AND I LOVE BOTH BY

Swansdown

BY S. TAYLOR, NEW YORK • JOHN WARMANER, PHILADELPHIA • BULLOCK'S, IN CALIFORNIA • HENRY D. LITTON & CO., CHICAGO • HATFIELD BROTHERS, BALTIMORE

THE HOUSE OF SWANSDOWN INC. • TWO EIGHTY-ONE ALPACAS • NEW YORK 18 N. Y. • CLOTHING SHOP 1000 5TH AVENUE • FIFTH FLOOR • NEW YORK 17 N. Y.

WHAT A POWERFUL DIFFERENCE THIS HIGH-OCTANE GASOLINE MAKES!



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New York 17, N. Y.

Ethyl Refineries Ltd., in Canada



*Enjoy full power—
use high-octane
"ETHYL" gasoline!*

Quick quiz on sport



- 1** What is it? (a) rifled bullet?
(b) cone-top? (c) golf ball?
(d) weather balloon? (e) Jai Alai ball?

- 2** He fooled around with a peach container and developed a basket of fun. He is:
(a) Sir Isaac Newton (b) Dr. James Naismith
(c) Edward Everett Peckham



- 3** "Hey, mister, you ran over my.....!"
What's under the wheel of this 3-ton truck?
(a) rubber's maid? (b) cone-gut?
(c) foot ball? (d) discus?



- 4** She's fashionably dressed for what occasion?
(a) croquet? (b) Mardi Gras?
(c) shuffleboard? (d) tennis?



- 5** Their names are on the Official base balls of the Major Leagues.
Which two are on the American League ball?
Which, the National?

Answers

1 (c) Early day Spalding golf ball. More than 50 years ago Spalding made the first American golf ball. Every major improvement since (simple markings, elastic thread winding, balata cover, liquid center, etc.) has been pioneered by Spalding. What's next? Watch for some important news coming soon.

2 (b) Dr. James Naismith who invented the game of basketball in 1891 at Springfield College, (Mass.). Even before his idea for playing the game was fully formed, Dr. Naismith came to Spalding for our help in designing the first ball. The modern Lam-Ball basket ball also was developed in our laboratory.

3 (b) Spalding 33-V foot ball. The ball re-shaped itself when truck was removed. A dramatic test for toughness made by our research laboratory. Its rugged construction and ease of handling in dry or wet weather make the Spalding 33-V foot ball the choice of most gridiron classics and bowl games.

4 (d) Tennis in the late 80's. It was still a long way to today's shorts and 180 m.p.h. shots but the game was being organized and standardized. Already the Wright & Ditson was the only Official ball of the National Championships just as it has been ever since. The Wright & Ditson ball is made by Spalding.

5 On the American League ball: (a) William Harridge, league president, (d) A. J. Reach. On the National League ball: (b) Warren Giles, league president, (c) A. G. Spalding. Each is the only Official base ball ever used in its league, including World Series and All-Star games. Both base balls are made by Spalding.

SPALDING

Official with American



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from Scotland,
the queen of cashmere, fully fashioned. Our turtlenecks
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During the past thirty-nine years, this is one fact that has remained steadfastly unchanged in a constantly changing world: More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind! Reason? More motorists, year after

year, keep discovering for themselves that Goodyear tires give them more of everything they want—more safety, more comfort, more traction, more mileage, Goodyear, Akron 10, Ohio.

GOODYEAR



JIMMY JEMAIL

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question: What sport provokes the most arguments in your home?



Gen. R. J. Haworth,
USAF, Commander
First Air Force

"**Golf.** My wife doesn't play. I love to. A typical work week recently took me to Philadelphia, to Washington, to Detroit and to Wilmington, Ohio. So, for the weekend, I was eager for golf. My wife objected. She is British and prefers cricket because afternoon tea is part of the game."

The Answers:



WARREN AUSTIN JR.
BURLINGTON, VT.
ATTORNEY

"**Golf.** My wife was afraid of becoming a golf widow. I didn't want her to tag along, but she would trail me to the country club against my orders. These she'd take golf lessons. Now she teaches me. It's downright humiliating. But the arguments are not so frequent. She's won."



Mrs. R. R. Jenkins
Essex Fells, N. J.
HOUSE

"**The double-header.** It gives me to the television set for five wonderful hours. My husband, Dick, isn't a fan. He will plead with me:

'Our friends are hungry; go out and grill those steaks.' But I don't hear him. When the steaks finally are done, he says: 'Baseball; not!'"



Russ Dixon
Washington, D.C.
PATENT ATTORNEY

"**Fishing.** When I return after a weekend with my meager catch, my wife looks suspicious. She'll tell our friends, 'All Bert ever thinks of is fishing and summer. Yes, even in the winter. He has no time for anything else.' Then the argument starts."



HELEN BROWN
PHILADELPHIA
BARMAID

"**Swimming.** On the beach he'd eye every dame in a swim suit. Even a little in a bikini. And what arguments! Then I learned why. He couldn't help it. When he married me he had four other wives. And when I was getting an amendment he married another girl."



Harry Humberstone
New York City
WAITER

"**Any sport on television starts an argument.** A prize fight will really make her mad. In one brutal fight, when Carter knocked his opponent down in every round, my wife said, 'Why don't they stop it? If they don't, I will.' And off went the set. In her mind she stopped that fight."



Mrs. Stephen Strong
New York City
WAITRESS

"**Football.** My husband is a Harvard man. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool Yale supporter. All my former beaux were Yale men. At the Harvard-Yale game last year I sat with him on the Harvard side, waving a Yale banner. What a rousing his classmates gave him. That's still an argument."

Fall
"Fifty-four-cast"
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 New Styles
 by
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For the newest in fine shoes
 and the finest in new shoes,
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 And, naturally, for the quality
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F. DANVERS BENHAM
 GLEN COVE, N.Y.
 PUBLISHER

"Wrestling. The women are crazy about it. What they see in it beats me. It was a great and honored sport with Haskinschmidt, Gutch, Jim London, Zaynor and Stronger Lewis. They've been replaced by stunts and fakirs."



MRS. C. HOWARD
 OAKLAND, CALIF.
 HOUSE

"Horse racing. My husband took me to my first horse race. He won that day. But he began to lose heavy bets. Then he pleaded, 'Let me have your money. I can get out of this. I know the jockey.' Like a fool I did. Now we're separated."



JOE GLYNN
 NEW YORK CITY
 PUBLISHER

"Golf is our big hobby. My wife is a former tennis champion. She'll ask, 'What are you doing today?' My reply is, 'Golf.' She'll insist, 'Play tennis with me instead.' My wife is 30. A tough act to duck soup for her. I'm 48. And not crazy."

SPORTS COURT



If a motorman sees a pointer pointing at birds in the middle of the tracks, is it his fault if he does not stop the train before hitting the dog?

No, said the Missouri Court of Appeals, because the motorman had a right to expect the dog to be smart enough to get off the tracks before he was hit.



Stetson Railbird, Ten Dollars

Born for a long sporting life—new Stetson Railbird

The remarkable new Stetson Railbird is the hat most likely to be seen at the nation's flyways, gun runs and stadiums. Made of a soft, water-repellent silk-and-fur luxury blend, it is exceptionally lightweight, impervious to

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The Stetson "Customized to Fit" feature has been the standard of hat comfort for over 75 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company, and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world at sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned tallest headlines.

Leslie Adams



BETSY GULLEN of Tulsa is only 15, but pretty, well-tanned Betsy is 1934 women's golf champion of Oklahoma. A popular member of the high-school set at Tulsa Central—and a large consumer of hamburgers and chocolate cookies—Betsy is in serious training for the girls' junior and women's amateur championships later this summer.

Samuel Colfaxer



MRS. E. ROLAND HARRIMAN, wife of the chairman of the National Red Cross, is a harness-racing driver at 58. A grandmother, she drove her pacer Tuxed Hanover to a 2:01 3/4 mile at Goshen this summer—bettering the world half-mile track mark she set two years ago with the same horse as a three-year-old.

FRED HIBBERD JR., 16-year-old of Rye, N.Y., is burning up Long Island Sound for the second year in a row with his Lightning Class sailboat Flunk. Fred won the midwest (under 15) title last year and has a good chance to take junior honors this season. Against the competition of sailors of all ages during Larchmont Race Week, Fred beat 45 to finish second. His able trainer is his mother, Mrs. Lorna Whitlowsky Hibberd, a five-time national women's champion.



Brownhough News Photo



JOHN GOLDEN, 26 years old and famed enough as a theatrical producer (*Clouds*, *Knock Out*), has turned his Bayville, N.Y., estate into a recreation area for New York kids. It provides seven baseball diamonds, will eventually include football fields, barbecue pits and a dance pavilion.



Prestige calls for performance, too

You can easily see Lincoln's beauty. And this fine car obviously carries with it prestige. So now let's talk about performance.

In fact, let's listen to what an outside expert has to say about Lincoln. Tom McCabell in this year's edition of *True's Automobile Yearbook* states: "In my book these are the best cars made in America."

"Lincoln," continues Mr. McCabell, "is the outstanding champion over the road . . . gets this title through roadability, cornering qualities, plus good brakes. Lincoln's total average of these factors is higher than any

other American car, and that's why they are champs. On winding or mountainous roads, the Lincoln is unbeatable in America . . . and it will actually out-corner some sports cars."

Want further proof of Lincoln's performance? This is the car that won first in its class for the fourth straight year in the Mobilgas Economy Run. And for two years in a row Lincoln won the first four places over all such cars in the Mexican Pan-American Road Race.

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trend keeps growing to Lincoln. Won't you pay a visit to your Lincoln dealer? He invites you to take the keys to a Lincoln or a Lincoln Capri.

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Bob Hope's favorite foursome

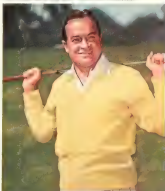
Bob Hope is a man with a passion for sweaters—even on himself! He wears Catalina sweaters because they're not only soft and luxurious—they're strong and rugged! They're comfortable. They fit. They're nonfading, washable. And the colors are superb! See the foursome of Catalina sweaters and many others at fine stores and golf shops. *Sponsored by Catalina, Inc.*

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A NEW SWEATER LOOK is featured in Catalina's SEAMLESS. Made of soft, imported Australian lamb's wool in a unique leather touch. Shows long-sleeve V-neck in sky blue. Very fine, close to the body, \$29.95.

Memo from the Publisher

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is the newest offspring of Time Incorporated. And as with any new arrival, friends and relatives are bound to gather round and look for family likenesses.

In our mind, of course, there is no doubt that here is no changing but already, at its birth, a happily recognizable member of the Time Inc. family.

The Time Inc. family, over the years, has been praised and blamed, analyzed and psychoanalyzed, labeled and mislabeled, by experts.

Our intentions—so far as we understand them—have been quite simple. We never went in for “me too” publishing. We always tried to invent new journalistic forms to fill not just a vacuum but a surging need.

In 1923 there was no magazine for an exciting and excited world that was bursting at the seams with curiosity about itself. So TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, was invented. And in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you will see something of TIME's nose for news and the full, coherent weekly recapit of that fascinating world in itself, the *Wonderful World of Sport*.

In 1930 there was no magazine to speak of and for American Business with the color, drama and absorbing human content which this new phenomenon needed and deserved. So FORTUNE was invented. And in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you will see that sport has emerged from the era of isolated content into a new era of tremendous size, of national and international importance; again, a new phenomenon, sending and deserving its stimulating but wise thrills.

In 1936 there was no magazine to picture, in pictures, the myriad faces and events of a world whose beauty and brutality, tenderness and severity, accomplishments and dangers, could most vividly be caught by the eye of the camera. So LIFE was invented to give journalism a new and needed visual dimension. And in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED today's miraculous cameras will have a weekly field day in a field that is peculiarly theirs, to capture the instants of dramatic excitement, of human and animal grace, of victory and defeat, that are what sport is made of.

1923, 1930, 1936, 1936.

Today the word “newsmagazine” is as generic as cellophane.

Today the name FORTUNE is the nationally accepted hallmark of business journalism.

Today LIFE's weekly millions of copies are an accepted fact of American life.

It is our hope and our promise that in some tomorrow you will no longer think of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as Time Inc.'s newest baby, but as the accepted and essential weekly reporter of the Wonderful World of Sport.

—H. H. S. PHILLIPS JR.



1923



1930



1936



1936



YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE MOST COMFORTABLE MEN AT TAM O' SHANTER

Seen at a great tournament, the most astonishing development in outdoor wear today! It is Heller's Contour Jersey tailored—with a unique touch—into White Stag Outdoor Jackets. Whether you're in a backswing or just observing...this pure worsted jersey is the best thing for sports next to fair weather. It bends, turns, complies with your every body movement. *That's comfort!* Crush it in a car, pack it in a bag, it never loses shape. *That's a pleasure!* For your all-season enjoyment, it's light and airy

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"YOU SAID IT, BLACKIE!
BLACK & WHITE
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BECAUSE ITS QUALITY AND
CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"



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Subscription Rate: 1 yr., \$7.50, U.S., Canada and
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world, all other subscriptions, 1 yr., \$10.
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Place, New York 20, N. Y.

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Time for subscription Year, Jan. 1954, 1955,
1956, 1957, 1958, and 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962,
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What's their line?



Given these clues, can you match the outstanding athletes shown with the Wilson equipment they use?

Letter preceding
each Wilson
equipment
is correspondingly
lettered in photo-
graph on left.

- A. ☐ Golf's all-time leading money winner plays only these.
- B. ☐ Popular Red Sox outfielder snapped jet helmets for these.
- C. ☐ Used and recommended by the world's greatest ocean players.
- D. ☐ Cleveland Browns' star quarterback sets NFL records with this.
- E. ☐ Colorful red-headed golf champion has swung these for years.

...WILSON, of course!

These are just a few of the headlines in sport who use Wilson equipment. More than 100 world-famous professionals in all sports make up the Wilson Advisory Staff. Their function: to pool ideas with Wilson designers. The result: most of the major sports equipment advances of recent years. The proof of their success: today Wilson equipment is America's most popular choice.

WILSON ALIVE 1 1 1 1
WILSON GOLF 1 1 1 1
WILSON TENNIS 1 1 1 1
WILSON BASKETBALL 1 1 1 1
WILSON FOOTBALL 1 1 1 1
WILSON BASEBALL 1 1 1 1

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What kind of "hat" does **YOUR** horsepower wear?



the round one at the right is the "secret" of a V-8 engine so advanced that all others are out of style today!

THEN CHRYSLER CORPORATION put this dome-shaped "hat" on the combustion chambers of its new V-8 engine it brought to American passenger cars the first major engine advance in 25 years. The hemispherical head had long been used in airplane engines and costly racing cars, but no one had solved its mass production problems. Chrysler did, in 1931. Today you can drive this engine at 150 hp in a new Dodge, 170 hp in a DeSoto, 195 or 235 hp in a Chrysler. You *still won't find it in other new cars*. Nothing but driving it can tell you what it does. It operates either on regular fuel or premium. Its smoothness, response, and quietness are startling.

It forms practically no deposit, running like new for tens of thousands of miles. It is rugged in design, needs little attention. Gas and oil economy are excellent. At Daytona Beach it recently won the grueling National Stock Car Race. At Indianapolis Speedway, under AAA supervision, it set a new Stevens Trophy record of 2,157 miles in 24 hours of driving. On Utah's Salt Flats, it set 195 new official stock car records. We invite anyone who cares at all about cars to try this wonderful engine. Dramatically it shows you how Chrysler-built value behind the price tag, goes far beyond the price itself. You'll take your hat off to what you feel when you do!

Wonderful things keep
coming your way from

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Corporation**

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Dodge
DeSoto
Chrysler
Imperial

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them! The smartest
buys of all!*



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WINES SINCE 1860

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45 **THE GOLDEN AGE IS NOW**

The *Pekalaia Pflor* are likely to surpass the Golden Terrors, of story by GUYARD HILLMAN and the editor of *Smith's* in 1954-1955

THE GREAT OUTDOORS:

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57 **The Eager Beaver Makes a Comeback** by JOHN O'NEILL
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COVER: Night baseball
by McHUGH

Photograph by MARE KATTEMAN

Northern day, baseball means game with a team from Milwaukee, last season, after moving to move from Boston, the *White Sox* 1,324,378 fans, a National League record. This year, the game was won by *Angels* like Ed Mathews, shown in baseball's classic home plate tableau in a game against the *Giants*, attendance of over two million were certain.

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THE DEPARTMENTS:

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Reprint of *Sports Illustrated* is published weekly on Wednesdays except for one issue which is published on Thursdays. Copyright © 1954 by Time Inc.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

WIMBLEDON IN COLOR

The drama and excitement of the world tennis championships, as well as the beauty of their setting, captured in five photographs by Jerry Cooke

MY WIDENESS NIGHTMARE

The adventures of a Wall Street broker who bought a Class II ball club, told by his wife

THE FASTEST MAN AFOAT

The story of Sam Sages, whose speedboat has won the Gold Cup five years running, by William L. Harlan

TANNERS, COME HOME!

The world champions, pictured in color, on bubble gum trading cards

DUEL OF THE FOUR-

Bannister surges to victory in the



MINUTE MEN

heart-stirring Vancouver mile

AUGUST 16, 1954

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

by PAUL O'NEIL

VANCOUVER, B.C.

The art of running the mile consists, in essence, of reaching the threshold of unconsciousness at the instant of breasting the tape. It is not an easy process, even in a hopeless race against time, for the body rebels against such agonizing usage and must be disciplined by the spirit and the mind. It is infinitely more difficult in the amphitheater of competition, for then the runner must remain alert and cunning despite the fog of fatigue and pain; his instinctive calculation of pace must encompass maneuvers for position, and he must harbor strength to answer the moves of other men before expending his last reserves in the war of the home stretch.

Five events in sport offer so ultimate a test of human courage and human will and human ability to dare and endure for the simple sake of struggle—classically run, it is a heart-stirring, throat-tightening spectacle. But the world of track has never seen anything quite to equal the "Mile of the Century" which England's Dr. Roger Gilbert Bancroft—the tall, pale-skinned explorer of human exhaustion who first crashed the four-minute barrier—won here last Saturday from Australia's world-record holder, John Michael Landy. It will probably not see the like again for a long, long time.

The deed of history's first four-minute mile, high point of the quadrennial British Empire & Commonwealth Games, was the most widely heralded and universally contemplated match foot-race of all time. Thirty-two thousand people jammed and screamed while it was run in Vancouver's new Empire Stadium, millions followed it avidly by television. It was also the most ferociously contested of all mile events. Despite the necessity of jockeying in the early turns and of moving up in a field of six other good men, Bancroft ran a blazing 3:58.8 and Landy 3:59.6. True for the first time two men broke four minutes in the same race. (Though far back in the race, five other runners finished under 4:00—Canada's Rich Ferguson in 4:04.8, Northern Ireland's Victor Milligan in 4:05, and both New Zealand's Murray Halberg and England's Ian Lloyd in 4:07.2.)

Landy's world record of 3:58, set seven weeks ago in cool, still Nordic twilight at Turku, Finland, still stood when the tape was broken. But runners are truly tested only in races with their peers. When the four-minute mile was taken out of the laboratory and tried on the battlefield, Landy was beaten, man to man, and Roger Bancroft retired again as the plant of modern track.

Seldom has one event so completely overshadowed such a big and colorful sports carnival as this year's Empire Games. The Empire's miniature Olympics, for which Vancouver built its \$1,000,000 stadium, a bicycle velodrome and a magnificent swimming pool, would have been notable if only for the rugged, sought, mountain-hung beauty amidst which they were held. They were further enlivened by the sight of Vancouver's killed, non-detached Scottish Highland Regiment on parade, by the presence of Britain's Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, and—more exciting yet—of Queen Elizabeth's tall, handsome husband, Philip, Duke of Edinburgh.

During seven days of competition 39 of 57 given records were cracked in track and field events alone, and England, by virtue of her peerless distance runners, walked off with the lion's share of glory (noting by unofficial points: England 534-1/2, Australia 263-3/4, Canada 338, South Africa 280-3/4) and served notice on the world of tremendous new strength. Canadians and U.S. tourists alike were startled at the Elizabethan ceremony with which the Englishmen's Commons greeted a man, and then held to be able to run their opposition into the ground in races demanding stamina and brawn. They placed one, two, three in the six mile (won by Peter Driver) one, two, three in the three mile (won by amiable, beer-quaffing Chris Chatterway, who paced Bancroft in the Oxford mile) and one, two, three in the half mile



(was by Derek James Neville Johnson).

There were also alarms and sensations. Australia's bicycle team protested English tactics, were rebuffed, withdrew from competition in a scandalous huff, cooled off, and daily re-entered the lists. Vancouver's world champion weightlifter, Doug Hepburn—who stands 5'7", weighs 290 pounds, measures 22 inches around the biceps and wears the look of a Terrible Turk—lifted an aggregate of 1,940 pounds with contemptuous ease while his fellow citizens watched with unshared pride and glee.

Canada's big, beautiful, blond woman shotputter, the Toronto schoolteacher Jackie MacDonald (see page 32), was barred from competition in mid-meet for publicly endorsing Orange Crush. And the big closing-day crowd in the stadium was treated to one of the most gruesome scenes in sports history after England's marathon champion, Jim Peters, entered the track a mile ahead of his field but almost completely unconscious from strain and weariness. Peters fell as he came in sight of the crowd, rose drunkenly, staggered a few steps and fell again (see page 31), until he was lifted to a stretcher and then disqualified short of victory.

But for all this, nothing in the games recently approached the tension and drama inherent in the mile. The race developed, in fact, amid an atmosphere much more reminiscent of a heavyweight championship fight than a contest of amateurs on the track. This was not unjustified; it was obvious from the beginning that Bannister and Landy would be engaged in a sort of gladiatorial combat, a duel of endurance in which no two other men who ever lived could even have engaged.

At first glance they seemed like an odd pair of gladiators. Like most distance men both look frail and this in street clothes. Landy has a mop of dark, curly hair, the startled brown eyes of a deer, a soft voice with little trace of the Australian snarl, and a cautious habit of bending forward and clamping his hands before his chest when making a conversational point. As a student at Australia's Geelong Grammar School ("A Church of England school," says his father with satisfaction, "where the prefects whisk the boys, y'know") John developed a passion for the collection of butterflies and moths and an ambition to become an entomologist (which his father cured by sending him to Melbourne University to study agricultural science).

Roger Bannister is taller (6' 1½") to Landy's 5' 11½"), slightly heavier (146 pounds to Landy's 144) and slightly older (23 to Landy's 24) but he too would be the last man in the world to be singled out of a crowd as an athlete. He has stooped and regret in carriage; he has lank blond hair, a high-cheeked, peaked face, and a polite and uncommittal upper-class British voice. The face is expressive and can flash with instant animation and warmth. He had no words with precision and humor, and at times, even with a sort of conversational eloquence. But scholarly is the word for Dr. Bannister. It is apt—he is a scholar

and a brilliant one. Perhaps five per cent of London medical students go through their courses without failing one exam and Bannister was among that small fraction when he received his degree at London's St. Mary's Hospital this year.

But men are seldom what they seem: Bannister, a complex and many-sided person, is both repelled and fascinated by the hourly-burst of big time sport, but for seven years, he has driven himself, stoically as an Indian brave or a man climbing Everest, toward the four-minute mile. So during the last five years has John Michael Landy. Both men have engaged in an endless and grueling effort to explore and push back the furthest boundaries of their own endurance.

Neither has ever been reached—in the casual British club system of competition, unlike the more regimented U.S. college team system, runners are presumed to be able to train themselves. Separately, half a world apart, both Bannister and Landy arrived at curiously identical conclusions: both decided that overtraining and stress were simply myths and that the most the body endures the more it will endure. Both drove themselves to extremes of exertion (training sessions of 18 to 14 55-second quarter miles with one lap walked between) which would have staggered the average U.S. athlete.

Bannister carried his preoccupation with the mysteries of exhaustion into the world of science when he was a medical student at Oxford in 1941. He ran to the point of total collapse on a treadmill almost daily, with hollow needles thrust into his fingers to measure lactic acid and with an oxygen mask clamped over his face to give him extra fuel. Meanwhile at Oxford, and all through his three years at St. Mary's (where he ducked out to Paddington Recreation Ground and paid three pence to use the cinder paths), he went on with his massive burden of running.

The two four-minute miles developed into unique beings—men whose hearts have enormous capacity and power and whose bodies can utilize oxygen with fantastic efficiency and resist the invasions of fatigue with fantastic success. Bannister's pace

rate, which was a normal 65 when he was 17, is now 45. Landy's is 50. But there their similarities end. In Vancouver, as the remorseless pressure of the world's excitement pressed down on them, and one day passed, their differences of temperament became obvious. Landy seemed assured, relaxed, cocky. Bannister became quiet, reserved, and fed daily to a golf course to train.

But Bannister's teammates were not misled. "Roger hates the idea of having to beat Landy—of having thousands of people expecting him to do it," said one. "But he'll do it. Nobody gets in such an emotional pitch before a race as he does. He's got a cold now, you know, I suspect it is psychosomatic and I suspect he expects it—he had one just like it before the Oxford mile. Roger may tell you he has slept before a race, but he hasn't. When he goes out to run he looks like a man going to the electric chair. There are times the night before a race when he actually makes involuntary sounds, like a man being tortured. But Roger is a hard man to comfort—if you try he'll give you a look that goes right through you."

Whatever their preliminary travails, both runners seemed equally tense and equally oblivious of the rumble and roar of applause as they warmed up on the infield grass in the moments before race time. Bright sunlight bathed the jump-packed medians. The temperature stood at a pleasant 72, the relative humidity at a pleasant 48. Only the faintest of breezes moved on the track, as the field of miles was called to the mark. Landy, in the green of Australia, stepped quietly into the gate position. Bannister, in the red-sharred white of England, had lane 2—he drew one deep, shuddering breath and then leaned forward for a standing start.

The gun puffed and popped and New Zealand's dark-horned Murray Halberg burst into the lead with his teammate William David Beattie at his heels. Landy let them go—he wanted speed, but he wanted top cover if he could get it—and settled into a deathly fourth on the turn. He stayed there for less than the lap. The pacesetter slowed, almost imperceptibly, and Landy moved instantly and decisively into the



EXHAUSTED BANNISTER WAS PICKED UP BRUTALLY BY BRITISH MANAGER, THEN ASSED

lead. His strategy was simple and savage—to reach the first seven furlongs at as blazing a pace that Bannister would be rebuked of his famous kick.

As Landy moved, Bannister moved too. They ran Landy first, Bannister second at the end of the stretch and the dual had begun. "Time for the first lap," the loud-speakers roared as they entered the turn, "fifty-eight seconds." Then badmen began too. It increased as Landy moved away—five yards, ten yards, fifteen yards—in the backstretch of the second lap, and Bannister let him go. "It was a frightening thing to do," said the Englishman later, "but I believed he was running too fast. I had to save for my final burst and hope I could catch him in time."

Landy's time was 1:58 at the half. The groundwork for a four-minute mile had been laid. The field had faded far to the rear. The dualists ran alone in front with Landy still making the pace. But now, yard by yard, easily, almost imperceptibly Bannister was regaining ground. He was within striking distance as they fled into the last, decisive quarter amid a hysterical uproar of applause. He stayed there on the turn. Two hundred yards from home, Landy made his bid for decision and victory. But Bannister refused to be shaken, and with 50 yards to go he lengthened his plunging stride. He came up shoulder to shoulder, fought for momentum, pulled away to a four-yard lead and ran steadily and stylishly through a deafening clamor to the tape. He fell, arms flapping, legs buckling, into the arms of the English team manager a split second after the race was done.

"I tried to pull away from him in the backstretch of the last lap," said Landy after he ceased to gasp for breath. "I had hoped that the pace would be so fast that he would crack at that point. He didn't. When you get a man in that sort of a situation and he doesn't crack, you do. From then on I knew it was only a question of time. I looked over my left shoulder to see where he was on the turn, and when I looked back he was ahead of me." He panted, grinned, shook his head and added: "I've had it."



BY BOBO LOBER LANDY AS HE GULPED AIR

THE BRITISH EMPIRE'S BEST

Here is how men's records at Vancouver compare with world records

VANCOUVER RECORD		WORLD RECORD	
100 YDS	Michael Agostin, Trinidad	9.5	Malvin Peltan, USA
200 yds	Donald Joseph, New Zealand	21.5	Malvin Peltan, USA
400 yds	Kenneth Cooper, Australia	57.1	Malvin Peltan, USA
800 yds	Derek Johnson, England	1:58.7	Malvin Peltan, USA
1 mile	Roger Bannister, England	3:59.0	John Loney, Australia
2 mile	Christopher Chatterway, England	13:29.2	Frank Green, England
4 mile	Peter Dronov, England	29:08.4	E. Skogelin, Czechoslovakia
800 yds	Joseph McIlhenny, Scotland	25:29:35	James Pelton, England
1000 YDS			
400 yds	Canada	48.3	University of Texas, USA
1 mile	England	2:11.3	USA National Team
1500 YDS			
100 yds	Ruth Gordon, Jamaica	14.5	Richard Atkinson, USA
400 yds	Derek Linn, Australia	52.9	Charles Moore, USA
FIELD EVENTS			
High Jump	Kenneth Whitworth, England	5' 10 1/2"	L. Scherbarov, Russia
Long Jump	Kenneth Whitworth, England	20' 8 1/2"	James Owens, USA
Shot Put	Emmanuel Nwagwu, Nigeria	6' 8"	Walter Davis, USA
Pole Vault	Geoffrey Elliott, England	10'	C. Wernersson, S.W.
Shot Put	John Davidge, England	35' 14"	Perry O'Brien, USA
Discus	Stephanus du Plessis, S. Africa	168' 7 1/2"	Heinrich Gonska, USA
Javelin	James Ashworth, Australia	224' 3 1/2"	Franklin Hall, USA
Hammer	Mohammed Iqbal, Pakistan	181' 8"	Sverre Strandell, Norway



MOMENTS LATER, REFRESHED AND JUBILANT, WINNER JOGGED, CHATTED WITH LANDY

GUINNESS MAN . . . TEARLESS LOVE UNDER THE ELMS

Fire on K-2

FROM SUCH IN Asia's Karakoram range last week came a time-hat-jubilant message: after 36 days of climbing, an Italian expedition led by Professor Ardito Desio of Milan had succeeded in reaching the 28,260-foot summit of Mount Godwin Auston (K-2)—a peak never scaled before (though six have died in attempts) and after Everest the loftiest in the world.

It is in order, therefore, to print again a piece of wisdom that helps to answer the question of why a man climbs a mountain. The words are those of Walter Lippmann and actually they were written after Amelia Earhart was given up for lost in her attempt to fly the Pacific, but they go well with the news from K-2:

"The world is a better place to live in because it contains human beings who will give up ease and security in order to do what they themselves think worth doing. They do the useless, brave, noble, divinely foolish and the very wisest things that are done by man. And what they prove to themselves and to others is that man is no mere creature of his habits, no mere automaton in his routine, but that in the dust of which he is made there is also fire, lighted now and then by great winds from the sky."

Man and the amoeba

AMOEBE the simplest of living things is the amoeba, which does not play games.

This microscopic, nucleated mass of protoplasm, perpetually changing its shape by protruding portions of its body, nourishes itself by enveloping minute organisms. It does not fuse over cuisine. Furthermore, when an amoeba wants to reproduce it splits in two. This is the amoebic way of achieving immortality and is the best an amoeba can do.

But on the higher levels of life the animals enjoy special nuances and play games. Kittens, puppies, bear cubs, fox pups and, very likely, adolescent whales are sportive beasts. Dogs preserve the sporting instinct beyond youth and thus are especially dear to man, and so do horses. Man has therefore reversed both dog and horse as "noble" animals, a term he does not apply to cats or cows.

Insects, which lie in the scheme of things somewhere between the amoeba and man, are despised, even abhorred. They enter the adult stage instantly,

and since they never experience youth they never play. All things are clear to an ant from the moment he comes out of the egg. He knows what he must do and how to do it, and he does it.

The theory that kittens play at chasing spoils so that one day they may be expert at chasing mice is easy and may even be true. Laboratory tests show, however, that kittens who never have seen a mouse have chased spoils and that these same kittens in later years have refused to hunt mice. The theory that man likes to hit a ball with a club because it revives pleasant athletic memories of a time when he thus dealt with his enemies may be true, too, but it is a good idea to suspect it.

Hitting something with a club is a very simple business, like chasing a speed. Up to a point, and on occasion, it is a satisfying thing to do. There are golf driving ranges and baseball-throwing machines which do a good business serving men and women who want to hire a club and something to hit with it. This is a pastime rather than a sport, however, and few would bother to go to a driving range except to improve themselves at the regular game of golf, which is a complex, highly organized amusement, and this fact supplies a clue to a fundamental difference between man and the amoeba.

Both man and the amoeba have a common, overriding problem—control of their environment. The amoeba has



kept his problem minor by being easily satisfied. Almost any old wet place will do for him and he takes such food as comes along, never sending anything back to the kitchen. His reproductive method works fine. Everything comes out even. You divide one by two and you get two. The amoeba does not have to prove to himself that he is a good amoeba, good at controlling his environment.

But men do have to prove that they are good. They do not reproduce by splitting themselves in two. There is a more complicated arrangement, involving partnership deals and provision for proper rearing of the young. Very often the world environment, as the afternoon papers are quick to point out, is not suited to this purpose. The business of living is likely to raise

doubts, fears and anxieties in the higher animals, whereas the amoeba is always supremely confident of his ability to handle any situation. He is suited to his way of life and he is immortal.

But move up the evolutionary scale a bit and you find that there is constant need for reassurance. A dog requires a bit of applause when he has done a good job of bringing in the bird. To another animal this might be a poor reward for giving up a duck dinner, but a dog understands glory.

It is an artificial arrangement, this business of a man shooting a bird and a dog retrieving it for him, and that is what makes it a sport. A sport is a design for living in an artificial environment, hedged with self-imposed disciplines and filled with the fear of failure and the hope of success.

While the chancelleries strive to control the world environment of man, individual man can make a world of his own—in the shape of a baseball diamond, a football field, a tennis court or a golf course. There he observes the special rules of artificial life and death. He lives to glory if he breaks par and then, refreshed with intimations of immortality, returns to his desk and the problems of the real world, purged for a little while of doubt and fear, pleasantly aware that there are areas where he is master of his fate and captain of his soul.

This is all based on the assumption that the greens committee is not a pack of idiots.

That which diverts

QUICK the word sport means, among other things, "that which diverts and makes mirth." It is a pleasure to salute Christopher John Chataway, runner extraordinary, partaker of the good life and sportsman.

Chataway is the orange-haired young Englishman who paced Roger Bannister to the first sub-four-minute mile and then chased John Landy to a time that was even better than Bannister's. Without detracting from the skills and accomplishments of either Bannister or Landy, it must be pointed out that appreciation of their deeds is inextricably bound up with knowledge of Bannister's utter exhaustion and his very comment, "I had no idea it would be so hard," and with Landy's gaunt face and frame and his almost fanatic racing campaign. The over-all effect is one of labor, effort and fatigue. Chataway, while one of the world's great distance runners in his own right (especially

at two and three miles, has a casual, almost carefree approach to the whole business of running.

Chataway does not neglect to train. But he smokes (generally under half a pack a day during training, somewhat more in the winter) and he does not deny himself an occasional drink. The day after he paced Rancister, he wasn't quite sure what might be his normal pulse rate—which more dedicated runners virtually chant. He lacked the vaguest idea of his chest expansion. All in all, he seems to keep before himself the fact that he is a man who works for a living (he's a junior executive with the Guinness brewery people in London) and who runs for the hell of it.

In the three-mile event at Vancouver last week, after running most of the race at an almost leisurely jog, Sportsman Chataway earned on his kick and won in 13:55.2 for a new Empire Games record and a dandy little gold medal.

Good time

IS LOUDBITE at Derby time, tradition is clamped in every mint julep, felt in every note of My Old Kentucky Home, sensed in the antebellum line of Derbies run on the same track every year since 1875. In Goshen at Hambletonian time, tradition hangs as heavy as the elm branches, but it is emotion in a low key, love without tears.

The race itself is not old. It startsle people to learn that the Hambletonian—which sounds like 1830—was first run in 1926. That was the year Gene Tunney beat Jack Dempsey in Philadelphia. But Orange County, of which Goshen is county seat, is as steeped in the lore of the harness horse as Boston and Philadelphia are in the lore of the Revolution. Hambletonian, the sire from whom almost all trotters and pacers stem, and for whom the race is named, was foaled in Chester, just five miles from Goshen, and stood at stud there from 1832 to 1875. Goldsmith Maid, the most famous of all harness horses (see page 142), began her career at Goshen in 1865. In Goshen people talk of trotters and pacers the way

people elsewhere talk of batting averages. In Goshen the harness-horse men, the lean, leathery men of the tilt-and-squint-eye school, seem perfectly at home.

Last week at Good Time Park on Hambletonian Day a man said, "Big crowd." An old man nearby nodded.

"Big crowd," he agreed, "but it ain't a money crowd. They don't bet much. Doves at Yonkers, that's where they bet. A million dollars a night. I don't know where they get all that money."

He looked across the track, across the grass infield to the white rails beyond, and beyond the rails to the trees and hills, and he smiled.

"The people that come here," he said, "they don't come to bet. They come to see the horses and all." He waved his hand. "Toss the spectators."

But spectators are not enough, and traditions die. Two days after the Hambletonian was run, Bill Cane, the tough-minded old man who took the race to Goshen in the first place, announced that next year's race may be the last Hambletonian to be run there. The Hambletonian Society will meet in October to decide. Probable now site? Bill Cane's new gold mine, Yonkers Raceway.

Fish watching

ON SUMMERS from now through early fall, sportsman divers wearing air tanks will be slipping off a bait barge into the depths of Lake Hopatcong in northern New Jersey. At 55 feet they will hit a layer of chill, turbid water that, for clarity, resembles creosote gumbo. This layer, scientifically speaking, is the "thermocline," where the temperature drops sharply. Then, passing through a clearer layer of 56° water called the "hypolimnion," at 55 feet they reach bottom. One diver anchors himself and sits—or more correctly, hangs—for 30 minutes in a numbing but rather beautiful world of beaver silts, soft amber light and glinting loach eels. Others head out across the lake, prowling through the thermocline and the hypolimnion.

Surface fishermen, of course, view this diving at Lake Hopatcong with suspicion: the underwater crowd up to another bit of tomfoolery, behaving like a pack of deranged lemmings hell-bent for the bottom of a fjord. Actually there is a purpose and a system to it, under the direction of the Fisheries Laboratory of New Jersey's Fish and Game Division. The divers are volunteer fish watchers. They are, in fact,



down there chilling their marrow to make happier times for the fishermen overhead.

In Hopatcong the fish watchers are searching specifically for the alewife, a four-inch handlocked species kin to the herring. Find the alewife and they have the missing link in a chain leading to better fishing in some 40 north Jersey lakes. The alewife is the choice diet of bass, pickerel and other sport fish; most of the season a bait dealer can net 8,000 a day. But in July and August when fishermen are most numerous, wouldn't you know it, the alewives disappear.

New Jersey suspects that the alewives may be down deep. An electronic detector can spot fish schools, but it can't tell an alewife from a yellow perch, so the Fisheries Lab called in fish watchers. "They've got to be down there somewhere," says Biologist Dick Gross, director of the alewife hunt. "We may not find alewives, but I can already tell you what brand of beer is most popular on the lake."

Parlor sport

IN A STORY of learned devil-may-care, Howard Chace, language teacher at Miami University, Ohio, rewrites a familiar fable in what at first looks like gibberish but on closer study proves to be honest English. A year ago it got printed in Gene Sherman's column in the Los Angeles Times and was picked up by the San Francisco Chronicle. Since then, it seems to have moved in more exclusive circles, often by the hand-to-hand of connoisseurs. It turned up a week ago in Nantucket, just about as far east as it could get, in a party of idling summer sailors and golfers. They found the group-deciphering and reading of it as delightful as any parlor sport they had all summer.

Clue: for "Wants pawn term" read: "Once upon a time." It gets harder:

Wants pawn term, dare worried ladle gill how lift water murder inner ladle cordage hence fish over ledge, deck forest. Disk ladle gill orphan worry ladle chuck water puffy ladle rat hat, and clark raise purple colder Ladle Bat Rotten Hut.

THE RAREST TROPHY IN U.S. GOLF



There is the Walker Cup, the Ryder Cup, the Curtis Cup and a score of other coveted cups. But no trophy in all of golfdom is so prized by the few who have it as this one: the President's golf ball, value \$1.10.

Only a handful of golfers have ever seen this ball in action—for not many have had the chance to play golf with the President of the U.S. Eisenhower's ball, a Spalding Dot, is 1.68 inches in diameter, weighs 1.82 ounces, like the thousands of other golf balls being shipped, shipped and whisked around the U.S.'s 1,094 public and private courses. The big difference—which makes it a prized possession—is the legend in tidy red letters: MR. PRESIDENT.

Wan moaning Rat Rotten Hut's murder-order insect: "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, honey ladle basking winsome barden barter and shirker cockles. Tick tick ladle basking tender cordage offer groin murder bee-life boxer under site offer florist. Shaker lake! Dun stopper laundry woe! Dun stopper peck floor! Dun daily-daily inner florist, an yonder our sorghum stretches dun stopper torque wet scrimers."

"Hoe-cho, murder," resplendent Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, and tickle ladle basking an stuttered off. Honor wrote tender cordage offer groin murder, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut mitter anormal wood. "Wall, wall, wall," set disk wicket wood, "evanescent Ladle Rat Rotten Hut! Warm or putty gill goring wizard ladle basking!"

"Armor goring tumor groin murder," replied ladle gull. "Grammar's seeking bet. Armor ticking arcan barden barter and shirker cockles."

"O ho! Ho! Ho! Blowing woe," wetter wicket wood, Butter taught bomb shell. "Oh tickle shirker court tender cordage offer groin murder. Oh ketchup wetter lesser. Had den—oh here!"

Soda wicket wood tucker shirt court, and whiny racketed a cordage offer groin murder, picket inner window an sore debor pose of warning worse lion inner bet. Inner flesh tickle abdominal wood tipped honor betting adler cape. Zany pool dunes a groin murder's out cup and gnat gun, any curdle dope inner bet.

Inner ladle wife, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut a raft after cordage an racker dough ball.

"Comb ink, sweat hard," wetter wicket wood, disgracing a verse.

"Oh, grammar," crater ladle gull. "Wart bag ice gut!"

"Battered lucky chew whiff, doing," whickered disk racket wood, wetter wicket small.

"Oh, grammar, water bag noise! A nervous sore suture anomalous prognosis!"

"Battered small your whiff," insecter wood, ante mouse worse wadding.

"Oh, grammar, water bag money gut! A nervous suture bag mouse!"

Daze worry no longer rat gull's bet wane. Oh offer sudden throne offer carven an sprinkling offer bet, disk curl an blast Thursday wood ceased pose Ladle Rat Rotten Hut an garbled erupt.

Mural: Yonder our sorghum stretches shut ladle gulls stopper torque wet scrimers.

Put out more flags

A LONG time ago, during Prohibition in fact, a yachtsman put in at Abercrombie & Fitch's eighth floor, where they sell fishing tackle and camping and yachting supplies to New Yorkers who want to escape. The yachtsman wanted A & F to design him a signal flag which would advise his friends in

the fleet that he was serving drinks aboard, something he could run up whenever he felt lonely.

Mr. Ray Langan, who manages the floor, designed a simple little thing—a green highball glass on a white field—and then, thinking it might interest other yachtsmen, asked the originator if he would let the store use his design. The man said no, explaining that he wanted the particular design to be his exclusively, but added that A & F might adapt the idea.

After some discouraging talk with other A & F executives, who felt that few Prohibition-day yachtsmen would be likely to advertise the presence of liquor aboard their vessels, what with lurking Coast Guard cutters and all, Mr. Langan stubbornly brought forth a cocktail flag, showing a red cocktail glass emblazoned on a white field, giving somewhat the effect of a Jack Rose.

It was thought not seemly to advertise or otherwise promote the flag and so it was laid quietly on a counter, where people passing by might inquire about it if they liked. During the first year 1,796 yachtsmen, and possibly some fraternity houses, bought the flag. In the years since then the cocktail

flag has been a steady seller and has become an international symbol of sea-going hospitality, as familiar to the Riverman on Meringo Bay. A convention has grown up whereby the flag, flown upside down as a distress signal, means "Who's got a drink?"

Last year Mr. Langan came up with a beer flag, showing an old-fashioned beer mug with foaming head rampant on a field of blue. Seen from a far distance on a clear day, the blue fades into the sky and one gets the impression that a cool mug of beer is riding over the waves. It is very attractive and could have been used by the Lancel.

A & F sells other such advisory flags, among them one which signals that the owner of the yacht is aboard but sleeping and would rather not be disturbed. This one bears a symbol which looks like two fat carmen embracing—the Yang and Yin sign.

Early this spring Mr. Langan was appealed to by a customer with a problem. The customer, for reasons best known to himself, wanted a flag which would signal that his wife was aboard. A & F asked no questions but designed one for him. It shows a red battle-ax on a blue field and is selling like crazy.

SPECTACLE

"I WANT HIM AGAIN"

Ringside color pictures by Mark Kauffman are the best argument for the rematch between Charles and Marciano

Never before had a challenger remained so proudly erect to take so heavy a pounding; never had the moment of the kill seemed so incessantly near and yet so elusive; never in modern times had a 15-round fight for the heavyweight championship of the world been more dramatic. That was the first meeting of Ezzard Charles, a superb boxer, and Rocky Marciano, the champion whose style is to absorb all the power his opponent can produce and then return it double. For five rounds Charles maneuvered and boxed and was winning. Then the champion shook his head and began to shoulder forward. Although he missed his mark more often than he hit it, the results of Marciano's blows on the perfectly conditioned body of ex-champion Charles amply proved the power of Marciano's rights and lefts.

When it was all over, a battered Ezzard Charles whispered: "I thought I had it won. . . . I want him again."

Last week Charles got his wish. Promoter Morris, knowing it was the wish of the fans, too, signed them to fight again.

Place: Yankee Stadium, New York. Date: September 15









Merely pumelled, his face twisted and puffed, the exhausted Charles sagged against the ropes in the 15th, but remained standing to gain more popularity in defeat than he ever knew as heavyweight champion

THE BIG HEARTBREAK

JAMES HENRY PETERS, 35, is England's champion marathoner. At Vancouver's Empire Games he was winning again. Behind him lay a run of 26 miles—ahead, only a few hundred yards to the official finish. His nearest rival tumbled along at least 15 minutes behind. The crowd, still flushed from the fantastic mile of Bannister and Landy, watched expectantly as Jim Peters appeared on the crest of the stadium ramp. Then the crowd stiffened.

Jim Peters began to weave and stagger. Grotesquely, like a figure in an impossible fantasy, he fell, rose, fell again, racked with ultimate fatigue and the cramp of

aching muscles. Ten times he fell, only to pull himself up and try for a few more yards.

The crowd shouted encouragement. "Go it, Jim!" cried a girl athlete. "That's what made England great!" Others tried to halt the heartbreaking wailing of a man. "Stop it, for Heaven's sake!" called Roger Bannister, a doctor.

Peters fell across what spectators thought was the finish line and was placed on a stretcher. But as the crowd cheered, a voice rapped over the public address system: "The finish line . . . is on the other side of the track." Peter's race was over.

PETERS CLUTCHES BAD LEG



SPRINKLES ON CURVED TRACK



BABBLER TRIES TO GET UP



THREATS AWKWARDLY



FALLS AT GUARD'S FEET



WOBLES UNCERTAINLY



TUMBLE ON HANDS AND KNEES



URNS BACK



LIES ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS



HEAVES DEFEATEDLY



TRIPS TO WRONG LINE



COLLAPSES





GRACEFUL CHAMPION Pat McQuinn is the only woman to jump over 6 feet without using a running start. At the 1948 summer championships in Indianapolis, in three years of Olympic and national competition, Miss McQuinn has never broken a record.



STRONGEST MAN In Vancouver was Canadian Doug Hepburn, world's heavyweight lift champion handicapped since childhood by a broken left leg. Hepburn topped brandy-soaked coffee between lifts, hoisted a total 1,940 pounds for new Empire Games record.



FORMFUL SHOTPUTTER Jacqueline MacDonell, 31-year-old Toronto schoolteacher, braced injured right knee and won second in British Empire Games women's competition, only to be suspended later for publicly endorsing Orange Crush.



MASS JOY describes the Munich crowd when cheered itself hoarse when the West German soccer team returned victorious from the world professional championships—and from one of the great sports upsets of the year. Not in a long time had the ordinary German felt such a lift of spirits. His team had defeated “unbeatable” Communist Hungary, champions for four years and crushing favorites in the 16-nation tournament at Bern, Switzerland. Across West Germany the scene was the same: jubilant

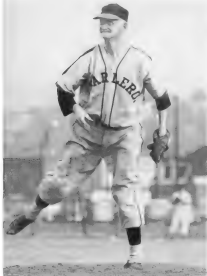
crowds—at Linde, Darmstadt, Kempten, Kaufbeuren, Munich—hysterically welcoming the football heroes. One Munich man tried to buy the air from the football to bottle for his mantelpiece; thousands peered into the streets to dance and sing; and in one hour half a million joyous citizens downed 12,000 quarts of beer, 15 hogs, three bulls, 5,000 Weisskirche, 5,000 Vienna sausages and 8,000 Regensburger sausages. Free Germany was back, triumphant, in the world of sport.



HAMLETYMAN winner Newport Dawson politely excused his prize, held by driver Del Cameron and owner George Blake, after 20th running of the Gooden classic.



DRAMATIC SPILL came on the last lap of the last race of the day, with No. 28, only seconds from victory at London's Crystal Palace. Instinctively shielding his face when his Cooper-Bellotti hit a barrier and spun, Hall was thrown but suffered only a broken collarbone.



BOO GAMES Since 1999 make John ("The Schoner") McElwaine at 71 the oldest consistently active pitcher in baseball. He is shown here in a Pittsburgh amateur game in which he struck out four batters while allowing only six hits, two earned runs. When not playing ball he is employed as a paper hanger.



CIRCUS-STYLE SOFTBALL players of Los Alamos Clowns, most of whom hold down regular jobs at the A-bomb project, shut craps at third base while pitcher Russ Ryan handled infield defense against regulation softball team. Clowns got so wrapped up in many stunts they lost for first time in two years.



SOVIET UNION GAMES In Moscow's largest Dynamo Stadium, unlike British Empire games, emphasized militant grasp athletics like the precise marching of these United Republic girls, who looked more like women out of a mutant's lair than athletes on a field day. Thousands of picked gymnasts performed in the games, officially called the USSR Physical Culture Parade, while an estimated 20,000



UNLADYLINE FOOTWORK was crude but potent victory weapon for Juan Boyan during Butte, Mont. match against surprised lady known professionally as the Mexican Spirit.



spectators spelled out their approval with mass rapt thrills as best as any that can be said for a U.S. college football game. As a final political note, gymnasts formed up on the soccer field to spell out the word "Peace" in English, French and German while Premier Georgi Malenkov and a line of party officials looked patiently from their official box.



66-POUND KING SALMON and a king-sized smile belong to Moore McKinley Jr. of Seattle, who had just made the catch off Hope Island in Puget Sound. Fifty inches in length, 22½ inches in girth, it stood as the year's record for just 38 hours. Then Mrs. Howard E. Lavee of Seattle landed a 78-pounder. The king is the largest of the salmon which run in the bays of the Northwest.



YOUNG GOLFER Steve Forrest demonstrated confident backswing that would make many an old duffer envious. Steve, 3, was practicing in Silver Springs, Md.



8,386-FOOT GRIND up Col du Galhien is toughest and highest near end of 25-day Tour de France bicycle race. This line of cyclists winding toward summit was led into Paris by last year's champion Louison Bobet, who crossed the finish line almost 16 minutes in front to win the 51-year-old race again.



AT 14, WHEN HE WAS STUDENT AT SCOTTISH PREP SCHOOL, GORDONSTOWN, PHILIP KEPT HIS SPIRITS CLEAR FOR HIGH JUMPING

BRITAIN'S FIRST SPORTSMAN

The Duke of Edinburgh, an all-round athlete, leads the British Empire in sports and earns new title



AT EIGHT, PHILIP WAS IN THE FIRST ANGLING CLUB ATTENDING AN AMERICAN SCHOOL AT ST. CLOUD, FRANCE

H.R.H. Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Thistle, Earl of Merioneth, Baron Greenwich, Admiral of the Fleet, Field Marshal, Marshal of the R.A.F. and "First Gentleman," is Britain's First Sportsman as well. The role requires him to show devotion to the traditional games of cricket and polo, give his countrymen a sturdy example in other body-building sports, and take a front seat at such sports spectacles as the Empire Games at Vancouver last week. Happily for Philip, there are 5 royal duties he enjoys more. Since the day he could first draw a bowstring, the 34-year-old Duke has been an enthusiastic sportsman and has proved a fine performer at polo, cricket, high jumping, rowing and sailing. The First Sportsman carries his title well.



FLYING represents both sport and duty for Philip as a member of R.A.F.



FAVORITE SPORT is polo, which he plays at privately owned Cowdray Park in Sussex. For a small schoolboy he is exhibiting Indian Himalayan match hand play.



SURE-FINGERED FIELDER in cricket, Philip (left) runs for ball blocked by the batsman in a charity match between the Duke of Edinburgh's XI and Hampshire at Bourne-mouth. Cricket experts such as Sir Donald Bradman (cricket's Babe Ruth) have praised Philip's off-spin bowling, a slider with a bounce.



HE BAILS his own "Flying 15," Carolina. His companion is sailboat designer Uffa Fox.



OFFICERS' STROKE, Duke led crew of the frigate Haggai to victory in a regatta held at Marmaris, Turkey during a cruise of Mediterranean Sea.

THE BASEBALL BUBBLE TROUBLE

by Martin Kane

BUBBLE GUM CONSUMER MICKY MARTIN AT WORK

THE MOST FURIOUS TRADING in the U.S. nowadays goes on not in Wall Street or the Chicago grain market but among youngsters out to collect a connoisseur's flotsam of baseball trading cards. The cards come as dividends with the purchase of a one-cent or five-cent package of bubble gum. But the dividend seems to have even more pull than the puff-and-pop stuff.

What the traders want is picture cards—labeled with biographical and statistical facts about their heroes—such as the prized examples reproduced on the following pages. (The youngster who can match the pictures printed on this gatefold with cards from his own collection is entitled to be known as an Advanced Collector.)

Naturally the bubble gum manufacturers with large rosters of popularizing baseball stars are doing fine, thank you. (One company alone expects to sell 300,000,000 trading cards, plus bubble gum, this year.) And all this would be pure blue heaven for the manufacturers if it weren't for the sleepless rivalry to sign up the baseball players. As a result, two of the most enterprising gum manufacturers, Hasen Laboratories, Inc. of Philadelphia and Topps Chewing Gum, Inc. of Brooklyn have been deep in injunctive and counterinjunctive since 1951.

The United States District Court for the Eastern District of New York, dealing discreetly in cam, has figured out so far that Hasen can lay fair claim to at least 388 major leaguers, including Leo Durocher, Ray Campanella, George Kell, Virgil Trucks and the Yankees' Mickey Vernon, most of the top ball players outside the Little League who use bubble gum in his work on out. The court has laid down the law, temporarily and subject to reconsideration when a referee has finished studying the situation, that Topps cannot sell

bubble gum "along with any cards bearing the name, likeness, signature and or biographical description" of the 388. Topps, on the other hand, newer in the field, has been sustained in its claim to 28 ball players. Cards on the following pages which have thus, in effect, been to court are those of Al Hansen, Gus Yerman, Ted Kluszewski, Ray Boone, Hank Sauer, Jim Hegan and Mel Parrell. In addition, Topps has contracts with ball players whose names are not in dispute, or anywhere yet.

The whole business of who owns whom and how much his trading card is worth is as chewed up as a wad of the product itself. As the year turns, ball players come and go, and with them their usefulness to the traders. A man may start out hot with the White Sox in May and by August be coaching at first base in the Three-Eye League, where his value in the gum market is like that of an old shoe in the South Sea Bubble. There is the further fact that some ball players are but loosely grounded in the law of contracts and tend to sign what comes along, using their natural quick reflexes and a pen that writes under water if they should happen to be standing under a shower at the time.

"You could walk up to one of these ball players," a lawyer for one of the gum companies observes, "and offer him \$50 to sign a contract to commit suicide. He wouldn't read the contract or ask what it required him to do. He'd just grab the pen and sign. Then he'd pick up his glove and run out for fielding practice."

In September, 1950 Wes Westrum, Giants catcher, signed a contract giving Hasen 1949-52 rights to his picture and agreeing not to let it be used with any other make of bubble gum or collections. For this he received a

longline white watch. Two days later he signed a similar contract with Players Enterprises, Inc., which represented the Topps people in such matters. About that same time he signed one with the Russell Publishing Co. which subsequently, in an effort to create confusion over contracts, used names with Players Enterprises. Unhappily following May and Westrum happily signed another contract with Hasen. He explained that a promised check for \$124 from Players Enterprises had not reached him by March, 1951 and so he assumed that his contract with the agency had become void.

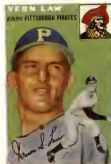
"I don't think," he told the court-named court, "that Players Enterprises was the right type of company or firm to deal with, being that they did not come up with this \$124."

Ned Green, Pittsburgh outfielder, testified about one of his bubble gum contracts: "The only thing I knew about this contract was that it gave guaranteed a minimum of \$400."

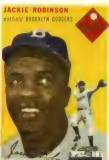
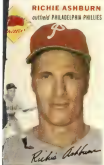
Meanwhile the trading goes on. Currently a boy with three Alvin Darks will be pleased to trade two of them for one Irv Noren, wearing the Kansas Norns. Some are loyal only to the American League and will hoard a truck with National League players. Others collect Hasen-made trades exclusively. Sometimes nothing but catchers. And so on.

Some of them even chew the gum, though it is not so popular as it was a few years ago. This practice has led to the promulgation of a new and rigorously enforced rule in Region 3, Section 3, District 3 (South Carolina) of the Little League. The rule says: "Players will be permitted to chew bubble gum on the field, but will not be permitted to blow bubbles."

(next week—THE YANKEES)







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Jack Kieckhefer is a senior advisor at the Center for Strategic Studies at the RAND Corp. He has been with the RAND Corp. for 10 years.

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MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD		MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD		FUTURE	
Team	Year	Runs	Wickets	Runs	Wickets
Yorkshire	1961	1,000	100	1,000	100
Leeds	1962	1,000	100	1,000	100
Warwickshire	1963	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	1964	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	1965	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	1966	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	1967	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	1968	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	1969	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	1970	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	1971	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	1972	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	1973	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	1974	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	1975	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	1976	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	1977	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	1978	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	1979	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	1980	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	1981	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	1982	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	1983	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	1984	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	1985	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	1986	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	1987	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	1988	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	1989	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	1990	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	1991	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	1992	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	1993	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	1994	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	1995	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	1996	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	1997	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	1998	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	1999	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	2000	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	2001	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	2002	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	2003	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	2004	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	2005	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	2006	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	2007	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	2008	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	2009	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	2010	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	2011	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	2012	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	2013	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	2014	1,000	100	1,000	100
Derbyshire	2015	1,000	100	1,000	100
Essex	2016	1,000	100	1,000	100
Northamptonshire	2017	1,000	100	1,000	100
Sussex	2018	1,000	100	1,000	100
Worcestershire	2019	1,000	100	1,000	100
Gloucestershire	2020	1,000	100	1,000	100
Nottinghamshire	2021</				

DROUGHT RESISTANCE		DROUGHT TOLERANCE		DROUGHT TOLERANCE		DROUGHT TOLERANCE	
100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%	100%
90%	90%	90%	90%	90%	90%	90%	90%
80%	80%	80%	80%	80%	80%	80%	80%
70%	70%	70%	70%	70%	70%	70%	70%
60%	60%	60%	60%	60%	60%	60%	60%
50%	50%	50%	50%	50%	50%	50%	50%
40%	40%	40%	40%	40%	40%	40%	40%
30%	30%	30%	30%	30%	30%	30%	30%
20%	20%	20%	20%	20%	20%	20%	20%
10%	10%	10%	10%	10%	10%	10%	10%
0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%	0%

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...ANYBODY GOT A SOLLY HEMUS?

by Jerome Weidman

THE shortest distance between two points, I was taught in school, is a straight line. Either the textbook I used has been tossed into the wastebasket or people have lost interest in moving along a straight line. More and more, it seems to me, we live our lives by indirection.

We ask our young men to join the armed services, not because we believe with Nathan Hale that the deepest regret of which a man is capable is that he has only one life to give to his country but because it is an inexpensive way to become a radio mechanic. We don't go for our holidays to the far corners of the earth because travel uplifts the heart but because the journey can be listed as a deductible item on a tax return. And we allow our children to be infected with a passion for bubble gum, not because the habit is healthful or attractive but because it seems an appropriate way for them to pay homage to their baseball heroes.

For 12 months of the year bubble gum can be purchased anywhere in the United States in a nerve-racking variety of shapes and sizes, from the blunt nickel tube that looks like a scrofulous knock-out to the penny square that resembles half a Dalmanella dominica. During the baseball season, however, anybody who buys anything but the flat pack is either a mental case or has just stepped out of a spaceship from Mars and has not yet had time to learn how seriously we take our national pastime.

These flat packs, which cost a nickel, contain two sheets of bubble gum, 3½ by 5½ inches square, plus seven cards of the same size (opposite). My two sons, ages 7 and 9, who are capable of eating anything they can lift and frequently do, discard the gum as soon as they tear open the pack. The cards, however, are treasured in a manner that makes Elizabeth Barrett Browning's more unbuttoned outpourings in the Sonnets from the Portuguese seem like crustal indifference.

These are, as everybody knows, 16

teams in both major leagues. Each team consists of a squad of at least 25 players, two coaches and one manager, or a total of 28 men. If you multiply 28 men by 16 teams—although you needn't bother, because I have already done so—you arrive at a total of 448 human beings who have earned the right to endorse cigarettes in paid advertisements, to be enshrined in every American boy's private pantheon of heroes and appear in four colors on bubble gum cards.

If you take one more simple arithmetical step and divide these 448 major leaguers by the seven cards that come with each nickel pack of bubble gum, you would seem to arrive at the conclusion that any boy who can afford to buy 64 packs of bubble gum should be able to own a complete set of cards depicting the faces and records of every player, manager and coach in the major leagues. Not so. No boy has ever obtained a complete set of baseball cards by buying the theoretical minimum of 64 packs of bubble gum. What's more, no boy ever will.

There are two reasons for this.

First, the boy who buys bubble gum does not know what kind of cards he is getting. As a result, he buys many duplicates. Second, to make certain that boys will continue to purchase bubble gum as steadily as alcoholics purchase gin, no bubble gum manufacturer publishes pictures of all the members of a given team. This is because our young baseball-card collectors trade their duplicates with other collectors. Thus, much too soon for the bubble gum manufacturers, every boy would own a complete set of 448 cards and be eliminated as a customer.

I stumbled upon this device last year when my sons discovered and announced, in mid-July, that neither of them owned a Roy Campanella. This discovery was distressing for two reasons. First, because they had already spent on bubble gum since the beginning of the baseball season more money than my wife and I had spent since the first of the year on clothes and fuel. And second, because my sons made their discovery in England, where we had taken them for the summer.

The nearest things to bubble gum

that you can get in England are Yorkshire pudding and toad-in-the-hole, neither of which is served or sold with baseball cards. And in mid-July we still had more than two months of our English holiday ahead of us. In an attempt to stave off a crisis, I formulated an immediate request to a friend back home for a couple of Roy Campanellas.

"Nobody has seen a Roy Campanella in the state of Connecticut since you sailed," he wrote back at once. "However, I understand your problem,

since we are feeling a similar one at our house, so I am sending you today by airmail 149 packs of bubble gum, for which you can repay me when you return. I suggest you hide these



JEFF WEIDMAN

in the bottom of a suitcase and feed them to your kids one pack a day each. In this way they should be able to continue trading with each other, even though on a somewhat reduced scale, until you come back. And who knows? They may even find a Roy Campanella."

They found six. In the very first week after the airmail parcel arrived.

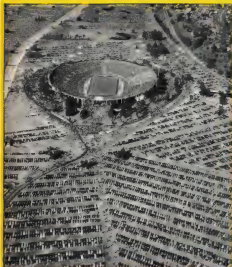
I did not mind that. I did not even mind the fact that the postage alone on this shipment of bubble gum came to \$41.85. What I minded very much, indeed what almost drove me crazy, was the tension.

The last eight weeks of our trip—during which I waited uselessly for my sons to discover what had suddenly happened on me, namely, that the bubble gum tycoons had changed their holdouts—were a good deal like living inside a steam boiler while the pressure keeps mounting.

We just made it.

Not until we were air-borne in September in the BOAC plane that was carrying us back to America did my sons tell me with a troubled frown that it was awful funny, Dad, but the one card they couldn't seem to get was a Solly Herman, and what did I think of that?

It required quite a bit of self-control on Dad's part not to tell them,



FOOTBALL: LILIES FILL THE ROSE BOWL AND THE MERE OF PARKING SPACE SURROUNDING IT



SOCCER: ELDER MATCH BRASH PLAY SPAN



AT THE GAME, THE GIRL CHEERLEADER

THE GOLDEN AGE

by GERALD HOLLAND

THE world of sport—as Sports Illustrated begins, with this first issue, to write and picture its week-to-week history—is in a new golden age.

This is a new kind of golden age. Granted, it cannot yet match—man for man, woman for woman—all the superstardom of the 1920s and before. Still, for world-wide interest and participation, for huge crowds and vast audiences, for crashed records and astonishing performances by outsiders and underdogs, this new golden age in scores of ways outstrips and outdoes them all.

As if no other world existed, the world of sport is crowded with action and excitement and filled with high sports spirits. Sports are booming everywhere. The Philippines, Burma, Thailand, Ceylon, Indonesia, Japan, Afghanistan, Pakistan, India, Nation-

alist China and South Korea get together in the Asian Games. Turkey, Egypt, Italy, Spain, Lebanon and Syria find common ground in the Mediterranean Games. All the nations of the earth are training for the next Olympic Games, scheduled for Australia in 1956.

Faced by soccer (spread to the four corners of the earth by England and now the No. 1 game of the world), sports of all kinds are on the upswing in what, only a few years ago, would have seemed unlikely places. Cairo, Egypt has an athletic stadium as big as California's Rose Bowl and Rio de Janeiro has one just about twice as big. India is pushing a big sports program in all its principal cities and will have a monster stadium, named in honor of Prime Minister Nehru, in Delhi. In Ceylon, the city of Colombo had to get

a new stadium started when half of the crowd was turned away from the India-Ceylon soccer games.

Here in the United States, Americans are participating in sports as never before. Tens of thousands of pin boys are kept leaping by 20 million bowlers and, quite properly, the 60,000 bowling alleys around the country include one in the basement of the White House. The favorite outdoor sport is fishing. Last year 17,832,478 citizens took out fishing licenses and eight million more fished where licenses either were not needed (along the coasts) or were not likely to be asked for. Hunting licenses totaled 14,332,779.

Three million Americans go skiing every winter, a half-million own sailboats, a half-million more prefer in-board motorboats and three million launch outboards to all manner of sea-



ON THE COURSE THE GALLERY ALMOST VIBRATED WITH ANTICIPATION IN TENSE MOMENT AT 1954 MASTERS TOURNAMENT



BASEBALL: A CLEVELAND WORLD SERIES CROWD OF 10,000 SETS ALL-TIME RECORD



TENNIS: BRITISH FANS OVERFLOW WIMBLEDON STADIUM

IS NOW

For world-wide interest, for widespread participation, for shattered records, for thrilling triumphs of the human spirit, this is the greatest sports era in history

boats, skills and even cabin cruisers. This activity is not confined to the sea-coasts; for instance, 4,000 boats are registered on Lake Texoma on the Texas-Oklahoma border.

There are five million golfers (and again, there is a White House symbol in the putting green outside the President's office). There is softball to be played (the Amateur Softball Association of America claims a million players) and basketball is a year-round sport and topic No. 1 in thousands of U.S. towns. There are horseshows to be pitched in a million back yards and croquet balls to be tapped by belligerent believers who insist that it is the only worth-while game in the world.

When Americans are not playing or working, frequently they are looking on as sports spectators. Although they fill the bowls and the ball parks and

the grandstands at the race tracks (when attractions are good enough) they also have time to look in on television. With all its varied sports programs, TV has made millions of new fans—including, for wrestling, Maestro Arturo Toscanini, the symphony conductor, and Mrs. Harry S. Truman, formerly of the White House.

Kids up and down the country who never set foot in a big-league ball park are now able to look over the catcher's shoulder at the All-Star Game and World Series. And, at the same time, there is not so much baseball on television (only New York and Chicago stations carry the full schedule) that the kids have quit playing the game themselves.

But is sports' new golden age long on quantity and short on quality? Nothing of the kind. Mount Everest,

the unconquerable top of Creation, was conquered last year and its lofty neighbor, K2, was climbed last week. The superstition that no man could run a mile in four minutes has been blasted not once, but twice. Roger Bannister, a British medical student (now a doctor) did it in 3:59.4 and before the ink was dry on the record books, an Australian busterly chaser named John Landy did it in 3:58. (The two of them met last week in a new golden-age dream match at the British Empire Games in Vancouver, B.C. (see p. 20).

Swimming records have been falling like apples from a tree; a dozen records were broken during the first six months of this year. In the whole area of track and field events, the records are being smashed until it has become foolhardy to predict that any man may fail in



THORPE



QUEEN MARY



JAMES I



FORD



CARTWRIGHT



SULLIVAN



GLENN

whatever he sets out to do. Bob Mathias has outperformed the immortal Jim Thorpe (p. 38). Paddy O'Brien has bettered the 44-foot mark for new world records in the shot-put. In many track and field events, U.S. schoolboys are matching and beating what were world records of the older athletes not so many years ago.

Back in the 1920s New York City went wild in a ticker-tape welcome home for Gertrude Ederle, the American swimmer who had conquered the English Channel. But in the 1930s Florence Chadwick swam the Channel three times (swimming it in both directions and once clipping more than an hour from the Ederle record) and, moreover, swam the Catalina Channel off California, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Bosphorus and—like Laender—the Hellespont both ways.

In London this summer Maureen Connolly, a California girl not yet 20, won the Wimbledon championship for the third time (Louise Brough forced Maureen to play her first game) and advanced a step further toward her announced goal of equalling the record of a tennis immortal, Helen Wills. (Maureen's recent accident, in which she broke a bone in her right leg, will keep her out of the Women's National this month, but tennis fans are sure "Little Mo" will come back to win many another title.)

But the full story of sport's new golden age cannot be contained within the records and the statistics any more than the story of Remon and Juliet can be told in Dr. Kinsey's graphs and tables. The new age is gloriously unpredictable, and throughout the world the athletes are testifying dramatically in support of the bedrock rule of sports: "A man who won't be beaten can't be beaten."

This summer in New Jersey a man named Ed Purpall—a man whose crippled left arm should prevent him from playing golf at all—played better golf than the best in all the world and won

the National Open. In Massachusetts Mrs. Mildred (Babe Dabrilson) Zaharias, who, by the rules, should have resigned herself to a life of semi-invalidism, won out over the field by a 12-stroke margin in the U.S. Women's Open. In this golden age Ben Hogan literally turned back from death's door to become the greatest all-around golfer since Bobby Jones. In New York, Rocky Marciano, no great boxer, and Ezzard Charles, no great puncher, boxed and punched so awfully that the match was agreed to be one of the most thrilling and furiously fought heavyweight matches of all time.

The Iron Curtain itself was forced to collaborate in a dramatic demonstration of what the human spirit could do. Russia and her satellites had sent a new breed of athlete out into the free world. He was a superbly trained, coldly efficient, intensely suspicious, completely humorless fellow. He worked full time at sports, although he competed as an amateur, and he witily built up a legend of invincibility. He was almost every event he entered, and in England his Hungarian image hunched the old country at its own treasured game of soccer. But in the world soccer championships at Bern, Switzerland the new kind of athlete was cut down to size and beaten by his opposite number from Free Germany in a staggering upset (score: Germany 3, Hungary 2) that drove the West German fans wild with excitement (one of them tried to buy the air out of the football), provoked antigovernment riots in Communist Budapest and magnificently reaffirmed the high potency of what baseball calls the old hustle and baffle—the ingredients that cannot be built into an assembly-line athlete.

The spirit is everywhere in the world of sports. Even animals exhibited it in the new golden age. A cocker spaniel named Rise and Shine, in the face of agreement that cockers were passé, exhibited such confidence, such poise,

such cool disdain for his rivals that he now rules the dog world as Westminster's Best in Show.

American schools, at all levels, place heavy emphasis on intramural sports as part of the student's education. This attitude would have horrified American educators of the 18th Century who insisted that the student come to learn, not to be "indulged." In Mediterranean countries, like Italy and France, the students must organize their own sports after school hours. Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries have sports programs in the schools and the countries behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains are pushing sports for all they are worth. In China the new trend is particularly significant, for not very many years ago Chinese scholars were their fingernails long in order to prove that they were above manual labor and violent games and completely preoccupied with the things of the mind. The Red regime in China gets no credit for starting the sports trend; American missionaries had done that long before Lenin.

As the 18th Century brought a new attitude toward sports in American schools it also saw the beginnings of industry-sponsored sports. Sports in industry grew slowly but steadily until World War II and then they boomed. Today 30,000 companies with 24 million employees spend \$800 million to sponsor bowling, softball, basketball, golf, horseshoe pitching, baseball, lawn and table tennis, fishing and volleyball.

Taking it altogether, taking it from the standpoint of interest, of participation, of performance; taking it from the smashed records, the Herculean feats of the outsiders and the Stephen frustrations of the upset favorites; taking it from center field at the Polo Grounds in New York City and Wonderful Willie Mays, there is no other word for the age but golden.

Willie Mays, by himself, is almost enough to make it that. At 28, Willie is already being talked of as one of the



GLENN



WYNN



LOEBE



LANGER



MITTY



ROBINSON



ZAHARIAS



BAILEY



MAYS



ROBINSON



ROBINSON



JONES



WILLIAMS



KEENE

all-time greats. It is not only Willie's performance in the field and at the bat; it is Willie's Way. For Willie is, above all, happy to be playing baseball and he makes everyone who sees him feel happy, too. And it is important to remember that in no other age of sports could Willie play on a big-league ball team. Instead, less than twenty years ago, a Willie Mays could not have purchased a ticket to sit in the grandstand in many major-league parks. No Negro could.

If sports were late in breaking down the color barrier, still they were years ahead of the United States Supreme Court. And, even before, sports offered the youth of America their best opportunities for overcoming class distinctions. For startling examples, turn back the clock to 1910. In Boston, Mass., there is a caddy who works part time in a downtown city goods store. In Baltimore, there is a boy in a school for wayward, delinquent children. In Lakewood, Colo., there is a wild boy of the streets, associate of hoodlums, in grave danger himself of being dragged down into the underworld. The three boys in 1910: Francis Ouimet, 17, who won the National Open three years later and started golf's big boom; George Herman Ruth, 15, who came out of the Baltimore school to become baseball's greatest hero; William Harrison Dempsey, 15, the boy of the Colorado streets, destined to become boxing's greatest champion.

In order to appreciate the effect the three boys of 1910 had on their games, it is necessary to go back a little and set the stage for their entrances.

JACK'S GAME

The oldest game is Jack's game, for long before men began hitting things with sticks, they were hitting each other.

The history of boxing is primarily the story of the big boys, and the first to make a reputation for himself was Thugames of Thamos. He took as all

corners in Greece during the Fifth Century, B.C., and for durability no one has matched him since. He ran up a string of 1,425 victories, all to the death, and—wearing leather thongs laced with metal spikes on his fists—sometimes disposed of 10 opponents in a single day.

Next big boy of note was James Figg, who appeared on the boxing scene in England in the 18th Century with muscles of iron and a head that was bald as an egg but filled with ideas for the improvement of the game. He popularized bare-knuckle fighting and spouted the use of wrestling holds.

It was the Boston Strong Boy, John L. Sullivan, who was destined to popularize the Marquis of Queensberry rules and make the transition from bare-knuckle to gloved fighting. John was not afraid to face the bare fists of any man alive but he saw, with others, that the gloves might help to bring the fight game out of the back rooms of saloons and place it beyond the censure of police raiding parties.

John, also, was also conducting a running battle with the Creature, as whiskey was known among the Irish in his home town of Boston, and although he probably was the most popular champion of all time he was soft and pitifully outclassed when he faced James J. Corbett in 1892. Gentleman Jim introduced defensive science and artful boxing, and years later the best talents of both Sullivan and Corbett in their prime were fused in the person of Jack Dempsey.

If Francis Ouimet, the golfer, and Babe Ruth, the home-run king, seemed to have poor chances of becoming national heroes as they were growing up, Jack Dempsey seemed to have none at all. Born into poverty, he had only a few years of formal schooling, then went to work digging ditches, picking fruit and tending in the mines of Colorado and Utah. He fought almost constantly, for in his circle a boy had to

There was everything around Jack

to make him go bad. Many of his pals did. But Jack's way with his fists set him apart, and when an old-time fighter named Andy Malloy told him he might go places, Jack listened hard. It was Malloy who taught the young Dempsey the fundamentals of boxing and hammered into his head the importance of keeping in condition—until Jack was safe from the temptations of his squalid world.

Jack got \$2.50 for his first fight on a regular promoter's card—and he won with a one-punch knockout. But he was crude and it took a few beatings by old trial horses to make him realize it. Once he did, Jack never failed to learn from every fight and he learned so fast that one night he got a telegram from a manager named Jack Kearns. Kearns offered only a railroad ticket and \$5, but that was enough. Thus the partnership was born that, with the connivance of promoter Tex Rickard, led to the boiling hot afternoon in Toledo when Jack smashed a sack of potatoes named Jess Willard, attacking him as if he were the very symbol of the life Jack was now to put behind him forever as heavyweight champion of the world.

There have been other great champions (notably Joe Louis, a product of boxing's modern incubator: the Golden Gloves tournaments) but Dempsey—more than any other man—gave boxing big-time status and with the collaboration of Gene Tunney, the gentleman and scholar who got \$990,445 for a single fight, made it acceptable even to women. By the time television came along it seemed the most natural thing in the world for all the networks to present regular boxing programs as staples of family entertainment. It is probable that some of the antics that pass for boxing on television would make the blood of Thugames, Figg and Sullivan run cold. But most dispassionate observers will go along with the proposition that for color, for odd characters in and out of the ring, for strange



ROBINSON



MAYS



ROBINSON



ROBINSON



JONES



WILLIAMS



KEENE



JACK DEMPSEY battles Jess Willard in savage first round at Toledo in 1919.



BABE RUTH gives a batting lesson to some of the many kids who idolized him.



FRANCIS GUIMET and Caddy Rode Lowery walk alone before historic upset.

techniques and eagerness to please, for courage and candor and sheer cunning, the vivid world of boxing offers millions of Americans highly entertaining interludes in which they can watch somebody else take a beating for a change.

THE BABE'S GAME

There is only one thing certain about the precise origins of the Babe's Game. Baseball was not invented by General Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, N.Y. in 1839 although Organized Baseball put on a monster centennial celebration there in 1939 and so is stuck with the myth.

As a matter of fact, bat and ball games seem to be almost as old as man himself. But baseball historians have come to agree that the game is essentially American, owing a little to cricket, a little to rounders, a little to town ball, but owing most to the inventiveness of American boys. Baseball became the name for it along about 1845 when flat rocks—or bums—replaced the hazardous four-foot-high stumps that had formerly marked the runners' stations.

The haphazard rules of the early games were first put into some sort of order by the Knickerbocker Baseball Club of New York City in 1845. The Knickerbockers also commissioned a surveyor named Alexander Cartwright to redesign the square playing field and it was Cartwright and not Doubleday—who came up with the baseball diamond of today.

Through the years baseball has survived wars, scandals and depression. The fans' faith was badly shaken by the Chicago Black Sox Scandal of 1919 when it was revealed that Chicago players had "thrown" the 1919 World Series to Cincinnati, but two men rose up to carry baseball to greater heights of popularity than ever before.

One man was Kenneth Mountain Landis, a federal judge in Chicago selected by baseball men to rule over the game as a czar. Landis was accepted at once as a symbol of uncompromising honesty and (as his very name suggested) a rock of righteousness. The judge even looked the part for which he was cast, with his jutting chin, his great shock of snow-white hair and his piercing eyes as angry against corruption as a Biblical prophet's.

The other man was George Herman Ruth, the Babe, the boy of the Baltimore "home," the superman, the eternally lovable scamp, a big bulk of an athlete America took to its heart as it has no other. If baseball's status was ever in the slightest doubt, the Babe blasted it away with his home runs and his unique way with the kids of America with whom he seemed to have some secret and beautiful communication.

Another man to whom modern base-

ball will always be heavily in debt is Branch Rickey. Although his Pittsburgh Pirates now languish in eighth place of the National League, Rickey's influence is felt everywhere. He invented the "farm system" which made it possible for clubs of modest means (like the St. Louis Cardinals of the '20s) to compete on even terms with the richest clubs. Rickey's protégés are all over baseball today—and one of them, Larry MacPhail, who is out of it, raised the loud and raucous voice that forced the major leagues to accept night baseball. But Branch Rickey's greatest contribution to baseball—the one that made it truly America's national game—came when he eased the door of his Brooklyn office in 1945 and told Jackie Robinson that he was to be the man to cross baseball's color line. In that meeting Rickey, casting himself as the voice and manner of intolerance, poured into Jackie's ear every insult he could imagine.

He acted the part of a runner charging into Robinson at second base and snarled: "Why, you dirty black. . . ." Rickey was a hotel clerk in the South, a sports writer full of prejudice, he was a pitcher throwing at Robinson's head, a fan gratuitously pouring out a string of invective as Robinson left the park. It was a scene that only a Rickey could play and as a climax he saving a punch that grazed Jackie's cheek. He spat out another vile name and then, breathing hard, asked: "What do you do now, Jackie?"

Jackie Robinson was silent a moment. But surely he thought of the tens of thousands of colored boys playing ball in the streets and alleysways. Finally, he looked at Rickey and said:

"Mr. Rickey, I guess I turn the other cheek."

Thus, again, at a baseball turning point, two men were exactly right to do what needed to be done. Today there are 25 Negro players in the major leagues, accepted and honored wherever they go.

Last year 14,383,371 persons went to 16 major league ball parks; 21,296,666 saw 292 teams play in 88 minor leagues. A million boys played in the American Legion baseball program, millions more as semipro, in the Little League, the Little Bigger League, the Babe Ruth League. Thanks to television, more Americans saw the game than ever before, millions learning to follow it for the first time.

Deep thinkers, domestic and imported, looked at this baseball picture and said what had been said a thousand times before: Baseball is our national game because it reflects the national character, because it is rugged individualism in action and at the same time a striking demonstration of cooperative effort; it gives a man a chance to blow his top harmlessly; it satisfies the

latent killer instinct is in us all. And, as the more perceptive thinkers recognized, a big stadium and a roaring crowd are not essential to the baseball drama. All that is really needed to create it is a gang of kids, a beat-up ball, a taped-up bat and a vacant lot. Given these, you have the Babe's Game.

FRANCIS' GAME

The United States has five million full-time and sometime golfers (a quarter of them women), more than 5,000 courses (twice the number in all the rest of the world) and spends \$250 million annually to play the game and extract the maximum enjoyment from its side effects. For this agreeable state of affairs U.S. golfers are in the considerable debt of Mary Queen of Scots, King James I of England, and the boy who was a caddy in Boston when Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey were growing up—Francis Ouimet.

Mary Queen of Scots is the first woman golfer of record, and it was Mary who gave great impetus to the game by playing it often and openly at a time (the 16th Century) when even the Scots regarded it as a frivolous waste of time. Mary (who was headed by Elizabeth for another reason entirely) also made a historic contribution to the language of the game. Returning to Scotland from a visit to France, she brought with her the French word *caddy* to describe the boys who carried her clubs around the golf course. The Scots soon refined *caddy* into *caddy*; and the word has served admirably ever since.

But Mary's greatest service to golf was the passing on of her own love for the game to her son, destined to rule Scotland as James VI and take the throne of England as James I. James had the golf bug bad. He is forever the patron of the Sunday golfer. As James I of England, he put the enormous prestige of the British crown behind the solemn proposition that there was nothing wrong with a round or two on the Sabbath, once church services were over. This was a shocking idea to the Puritans of James's day but in 1618 he boldly issued a royal pronouncement entitled "Book of Sports" which asked (and answered) the question: "For what shall the common people have leave to exercise if not upon the Sundays and Holydays, seeing they must apply their labour, and winne their living in all working days?" The pronouncement settled the issue for King James and he appointed a royal clubmaker, slapped a royal price ceiling of four shillings on golf balls and played Sundays and weekdays, too.

Almost three centuries after King James had hooked and allied for the last time, the stage was set for the incomparable Francis Ouimet to make his great contribution to the game

as the United States knows it today. It was flourishing before Francis, of course; it had been played crudely even in Colonial times. But it was growing slowly and even its devotees suffered from vague feelings of embarrassment and inferiority. The embarrassment arose out of the fact that it was plainly labeled a game of the upper classes. The inferiority stemmed from the fact that the English seemed to be able to play it best.

The National Open of 1913 changed all that. Entered in it were the greatest stars of the golfing world, the British professionals, Harry Vardon and

golf club. At 11, he became a Brookline caddy. One member of Brookline gave him his first set of well-used clubs; later another member invited Francis to play Brookline's course (in violation of the caddy master's rules) for the first time. The caddy master spotted him at the 18th tee and Francis was so upset that he took a 10—for an 84.

Francis was very well known around Brookline but to Harry Vardon and Ted Ray and the other big stars who had come there for the 1913 National Open, the name of Francis Ouimet could not have meant less. And yet it was this rail of a boy who stood tied with Vardon and Ray at the end of the 72-hole test and who went on to outplay and outscore them in a play-off that for sheer drama has never been matched. Henry Leach, a British golf writer, affected not to believe what he had seen with his own eyes:

"American golfers are telling me [quote Leach] that Mr. Francis Ouimet, an amateur, has won the open golf championship of the United States. That is nonsense. Harry Vardon, five times open champion of Great Britain and the world, the finest, most splendid player who ever hit a ball, was one of the competitors. Edward Ray, open champion of Great Britain and the world last year, who can drive a ball farther than any man alive, was another. How could Francis Ouimet beat these men? Nobody can beat them. Francis Ouimet is only 20 years of age—a youth, a boy. You tell me that a child like this, scarcely blooded to the game, has beaten our Vardon and our Ray? The conditions also—a heavy, sodden course, a drizzling, depressing rain—made the game harder than ever to play, and no fluke victories could be accomplished. Now, then, could Mr. Ouimet win? It is absurd."

Finally, conceding that it did happen, Leach wrote: "This was the greatest day in all golf history. There will never be another like it. There cannot be. Only four Englishmen besides myself have seen it, and when we are old men, little golfing children will ask us to tell them again the romantic story of the 29th of September in 1913."

Francis Ouimet was just right, a Moroccan Alger champion who came along at precisely the right time. A boy from the wrong side of the tracks, a caddy, a kid who worked after school and during summer vacations, Francis was a champion everyone could take to his heart. Now golf was no longer labeled the caprice of the upper classes. Now the clerk, the shopkeeper, the factory worker was emboldened to buy a bag of clubs and lug them aboard a trolley car to the public courses. When Ouimet vanquished Vardon and Ray, there were no more than 350,000 golfers in the nation. Within 10 years there were two million, and Americans

LEADING SPECTATOR

SPORTS



Estimated paid and unpaid
admission to U.S. events

SOFTBALL	125,000,000
BASKETBALL	95,000,000
BASEBALL	85,000,000
HORSE RACING	55,000,000
FOOTBALL	35,000,000

LEADING PARTICIPANT

SPORTS



Estimated totals of individuals
active in the last calendar year

FISHING	35,000,000
BOWLING	30,000,000
HUNTING	15,000,000
BOATING	10,000,000
GOLF	5,000,000

Ted Ray. The only question seemed to be: Would it be Vardon or would it be Ray?

It would not be entirely accurate to say that Francis Ouimet, a 20-year-old with the ascetic look of a seminarian, came to the Brookline Country Club, scene of the Open in suburban Boston, out of nowhere. For as a matter of fact he came from just across the street. The modest, workingman's home in which he was raised was directly opposite the 18th hole. For years Francis had trudged across the Brookline course to go to school and, incidentally, to search for lost balls. When he had enough, he traded them for his first

BOB MATHIAS VS. JIM THORPE IN THE OLYMPICS



THORPE 1912

11.3 sec.
22 ft. 4 1/4 in.
6 ft. 1 1/4 in.
52.2 sec.
42 ft. 2 1/4 in.
125 ft. 3 1/4 in.
17.6 sec.
10 ft. 8 in.
149 ft. 1 1/4 in.
4 min. 40.1 sec.

EVENT

100 METERS DASH
BROAD JUMP
HIGH JUMP
400 METERS RUN
SHOT PUT
DISCUS
200 METERS HURDLE
POLE VAULT
JAVELIN
1000 METERS RUN

MATHIAS 1952

10.9 sec.
22 ft. 10 1/4 in.
6 ft. 2 1/4 in.
50.2 sec.
50 ft. 2 1/4 in.
153 ft. 10 in.
14.7 sec.
13 ft. 1 1/4 in.
194 ft. 3 1/4 in.
4 min. 50.8 sec.



In 1952 U.S. Decathlete Mathias beat Thorpe's 1906-meter time with 4 min. 31.6 sec.

were playing the best brand of golf in the world.

Taking nothing from Bobby Jones, the greatest amateur of all time, or from Ben Hogan, the best of all the professionals; nothing from John Reid, "father of American golf" who laid out the first three-hole course in a Yonkers, N.Y., cow pasture; nothing from the great names of Travins, Travis, Evans, Hagen, Sarason, Sneed, Sweetser, Little, Turnesa, Stirling, Collett, Suggs, Zaharias and all the rest down to Ed Furgal and Billy Joe Patton and back to King James and Mary Queen of Scots—still and for always there will be Francis Ouimet, standing alone as the kid from across the street who beat the Englishmen, Mr. Vardon and Mr. Ray.

A TRANSFUSION FOR TENNIS

Less than a year after the great victory of Francis Ouimet in golf, the drama was almost exactly duplicated in tennis. The backdrops were the same, the cast of characters played roles uncannily similar.

Tennis had also been regarded as an upper-class, much too ladylike, game. Its capital was the ultrafashionable resort of Newport, R.I., and Eastern newspapers usually sent more society reporters than sports writers to the tournaments. But in August of 1914, exactly 40 years ago this week, the West Side Tennis Club of Forest Hills, Long Island, was host to the Davis Cup players for the first time. With all of New York City to draw on, the matches attracted daily crowds of 12,000 and more, including many rank and file sports fans who, if they came to scoff at the garden party game, remained to be thrilled by a monumental upset. They saw Maurice "Red" McLoughlin, a 24-year-old California real estate salesman, overwhelm the Vardon and Ray of the tennis world; Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding of the Australian Davis Cup team,

McLoughlin, who had learned the game on the public courts of his home town of Carson City, Nevada before moving to California, brought to Forest Hills a more devastating service, a more savage net attack than had ever been seen up to that time. He defeated Brookes, No. 1 player of the world, with scores that tell the story: 17-15, 6-3, 6-3. Next he whipped Wilding, the No. 2 player, 6-2, 6-3, 2-6, 6-3.

In years to come, it was McLoughlin's style which became the foundation for the even greater games of Big Bill Tilden, Little Bill Johnston, H. Norris Williams and the others. But tennis, in this new golden age when Australia again has most of the top players in the men's game, still honors the name of McLoughlin, the young man who smashed the tyranny of the tea cups and made the racket another symbol of red-blooded sport.

RED BLOOD TO SPARE

If tennis needed a transfusion of red blood, a large share of football's troubles have come from having too much. Growing out of the English games of soccer and rugby, the first game of American college football was played by Harvard and McGill University of Montreal, Canada in 1874.

It was an instant hit, but it quickly became a crushing, bruising, punishing game. With the flying wedge introduced by Harvard in 1893 and flying interference originated by the University of Pennsylvania in 1894, the early game placed its emphasis on brute strength. It had become so filled with violence by 1903 that the whole country was appalled and President Theodore Roosevelt had to step in to save it. Roosevelt, a football fan as well as a warm admirer of all other sports, summoned college officials to the White House for a meeting which led to a drastic change in rules. Out of these changes came a more open style of play

and the use of the forward pass. This had been quickly exploited by St. Louis University but it was not widely employed until Gus Dorais and Knute Rockne used it brilliantly as Notre Dame, then little known, upset Army in 1913.

All these events were concerned with the playing field, but in 1914 Yale University looked to the spectators. The Yale Bowl was built at New Haven and it started a trend toward the king-sized stadium demanded by the ever-increasing crowds that boomed football into a major U.S. sport.

Today football provides Americans present at the scene with an opportunity to yell in unison and in rhythm over swift-moving events that are not always precisely clear to them, to hear the music of smart-stepping bands, to pound one another on the back, to sing, to swoop, to laugh and, with social propriety, to drink whiskey straight from the bottle. On one day of the year, New Year's Day, when the big bowl games are played and broadcast, football receives America's almost undivided attention.

But on all days, from the close of Baseball's World Series to New Year's night, football is very much on America's mind. It is kept there by high school, college and professional teams which play before an estimated 35 million spectators. It is kept there not only by the games that are played, but by the build-ups and letdowns, the wild claims of brass coaches, the banes-waifs of those who affect a chronic pessimism. It is kept there by radio broadcasts of all leading games and network telecasts of a Game of the Week.

But for the genuine football fan, not even color television in 3-D would provide an acceptable substitute for the thrill of being part of the football crowd. The 16,338 seats for next October's Notre Dame-Michigan State game were sold out on July 23.



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Cadillac

THE BEST VACATION TROUT FISHING



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There is a notion among eastern fly fishermen that river trout of the West are too easy to catch for true sport. "Fat, dumb and happy," they snort. Nevertheless, the best fly fishing in America is in progress right now in a magic 100-mile circle of the Yellowstone National Park area. There, in lovely rivers like the Snake (above), feeding trout may displace the water like rain, but an eastern expert must bring his skill along to catch them

THE GREATEST temple of fly fishing in America is to be found by the logic of Lewis and Clark: Where do the great waters come from? Follow them up to what the Indians called the summit of the world, which is indeed the summit of the U.S.—Yellowstone National Park. There in the northwest corner of Wyoming, edging into Idaho and Montana, a 2,213,207-acre group of plateaus impounds Gargantuan rains and snows to form the fount of two great river systems, the Snake and the Missouri.

If he likes, a man can fish up there on the mile-and-one-half crest of the continental divide. Actually, though, he need only admire it from a distance, for out of this relatively small and curious prize of American topography come pouring in every direction tons of cold, pure, bubbling water, the natural habitat of trout.

Draw a circle around the park with a radius of 100 miles or more and look at the streams that flow out to form these systems. Here is trout water of all kinds from rivulet to river, fast and slow, flowing through steep canyons and broad valleys, roaring in cascades and falls, murmuring through sunny meadows and along shady forest banks. It flows along main roads and byroads and off in the wilderness. In some parts of it children can fish and can catch fish; there are others no fisherman has ever reached. Here are some of the most beautiful waters on earth, the core of which is permanent reserved dedicated to flower picker and fisherman, to the Thoreau and Walton in every man's spirit.

And the fish: the native western cut-throat with the red gash between gill and mouth, known in some quarters as black-spotted trout, a hard biter and an underwater runner; the ball-dancing rainbow; the brown (or Loch Leven) which sometimes appears in bright yellow and is as shrewd as a poker player and increasingly difficult to catch as it grows older and bigger; the brook, as gorgeous a trifier in the West as in its native East; and the lake trout, a big fish of the mysterious depths. Here too are the whitefish and the elegant grayling, both of which take flies.

The sophisticated of eastern streams will grumble, "wilderness fish," meaning too easy to catch. There is some truth in the complaint, for wild trout that seldom see a fisherman include many that can be caught on a cigaret



THE MAGIC CIRCLE, centered roughly on the Yellowstone National Park area, is where anglers can find an extraordinary concentration of fine fly-fishing waters, the most famous of which are listed and identified at right.

bait, and many of these can be found in this region, especially in the hundreds of remote lakes.

Angling in the streams is usually rather easier and more rewarding than on New York's hard-fished Beaverkill, say, if one does not count the hatchery trout planted in the latter every spring. But it can be tough and sometimes impossible in the West even for the good fisherman. Here as everywhere a small minority of the skilled take a high percentage of the trout, but there is always chance in fishing, and here the casual fisherman has a better chance.

Thus the expectations are good enough to make the angler's journey worth while but not good enough to assure him good sport without a struggle. He will have to bring along his skill, intelligence and great vigor to master the ruggedness of the terrain and some of the waters where in "the good old days" an angler was said to catch more than his weight in trout.

Let the modern fisherman despair of his chances to become a raconteur of proportions, he should look at the west wall of Dan Bailey's fly shop in Livingston, Mont. There hang varnished board plaques, covering the entire wall like paneling, each with an ink tracing of a trout of four pounds or better, with the fly it was caught on, the date and the name of the fisherman.

Not all of the big fish caught on fly in the Yellowstone and the waters roundabout have gone on this wall;

and those caught by lure or bait are indigible. Yet since 1941 more than 100 fishermen have hung their plaques there.

Only last season I stood on a bank one late afternoon and looked at one of the many pools on one of the many streams of this region and saw dimples of feeding trout like rain on the water, as Theodore Gordon saw them on eastern waters in the 18th Century. In the Rockies today the scene is still not uncommon though you never cease to marvel at the sight of it. The good fisherman on a good day will may take and release 50 or 40 trout; one or two or three of which may run two to seven or more pounds—and that, as anyone knows, is fish.

The relative abundance and large size of trout in western waters is largely accounted for in the abundance of both land and water insects. The winds blow meaty winged food from the hills and wide-open spaces into the water. These heavy insects account too for an occasional awariness in western trout; it is more difficult for them to make a fine calculation regarding the plop of a grasshopper than the delicate egg-dipping of the May fly.

This is a matter of some significance for the understanding of western fly fishing. The variety of insects there has brought about the use of a wider variety of trout flies than is found in the East, including some garish specimens. From this has come the notion that western fly fishing is occupied not only with wild trout but with crude meth-



FLY-FISHING WALL OF FAME

On the wall of Dan Bailey's fly shop above, with Bailey at counter and fly trout behind him, hang varnished plaques, each bearing an inked tracing of a trout that weighed at least four pounds. More than 100 plaques have been hung since 1941, each representing a trout caught on a fly. The chart below, listing data taken from 25 recent plaques, indicates the quality of fishing in the "magic circle." Most of the fishermen are from the Livingston area.

FISHERMAN	VARIETY	WEIGHT	WATER	FLY	DATE
Glen Esping	Rainbow	4 lb. 9 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 10 Black Wolf	June 25, 1960
A. M. Luck	Cutthroat	4 lb. 4 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Joe's Hopper	Sept. 18, 1950
Jim Dugan	Rainbow	4 lb. 10 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Black Woolly Worm	March 23, 1954
Gene Kruger	Rainbow	4 lb. 10 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Black Woolly Worm	June 23, 1952
Jack Waynard	Rainbow	5 lb. 9 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Stopt Cuck	July 15, 1951
Gene Spilde	Brown	4 lb. 5 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Black Woolly Worm	Aug. 15, 1951
Bill Ireland	Rainbow	4 lb. 12 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Black Woolly Worm	Aug. 31, 1950
Dan Bailey	Rainbow	4 lb. 11 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 14 Fox and All Day	Sept. 1, 1951
Hank Fabian	Rainbow	4 lb. 2 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 10 Black Owl	Sept. 5, 1951
Tom Brown	Brown	4 lb. 13 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Lard-meat Spinnert	Sept. 11, 1951
Tommy Dutton	Rainbow	4 lb. 4 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 10 Grizzly Wolf	Sept. 17, 1951
Bill Ahrens	Rainbow	10 lb. 11 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 6 Strip Hump	March 26, 1952
Jack Assorted	Cutthroat	4 lb. 7 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Black Woolly Worm	July 6, 1952
Walter Anderson	Brown	5 lb. 8 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Cuck	July 17, 1952
Calvin Bartholy	Rainbow	4 lb. 7 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Cuck	July 17, 1952
Dennis Brandon	Rainbow	7 lb. 7 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Black Woolly Worm	Sept. 3, 1952
Lyle F. Barnes	Brown	4 lb. 8 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Lady Bird	Sept. 14, 1952
Walt Eagle	Brown	5 lb. 16 oz.	Wade Lake	No. 8 Fender Mouse	Oct. 18, 1952
Russell Steffen	Rainbow	5 lb. 10 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 March Brown	May 12, 1953
Walter Downing	Rainbow	5 lb. 8 oz.	Daisy Lake	No. 8 Yellow Woolly Worm	June 13, 1953
Bill Bowen	Brown	4 lb. 13 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 6 Silver Doctor	July 25, 1953
R. R. Rockett	Brown	4 lb. 15 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 8 Joe's Hopper	Aug. 25, 1953
Joe Brooks	Rainbow	7 lb.	Geopline Lake	No. 18 Lady Worm	Oct. 1, 1953
Jewell Brown	Brown	4 lb. 1 oz.	Yellowstone River	No. 14 Stopt May Fly	July 16, 1954
Mary Williams	Rainbow	4 lb. 6 oz.	Daisy Lake	No. 8 Brown Woolly Worm	July 26, 1954

oda. There is some truth in this notion, but it has grown into a myth and it conceals a fallacy regarding the nature of fly fishing.

Most of the best-known artificial trout flies were originated in England and (much later) on the eastern seaboard of the U.S., where the May fly predominates. The central position of this fly in the sport has made it the model of most trout flies since the 15th Century in recorded history. In the New World, new colors were found in the May fly, and in the late 19th Century we got the American fly, Quill Gordons, Cuttills, Hendricksons and the like (along with a tendency to name flies for their designers).

Further west, in Montana and Wyoming, not so long ago, fly fishermen discovered the grasshopper. There have always been other flies besides the May fly, but this one gave rise to a misunderstanding. Not being traditionalists any more than was the first fly fisher, western anglers made a new fly. This was the Hopper, or "Joe's Hopper," not hard looking but no May fly. It could be fished wet or dry and was found to be a killer on western rivers. They also made a "Woolly Worm" in various colors, probably the lowest in the order of artificial flies with its simple caterpillar body. These two flies probably led in popularity among western patterns in the region of the park. The sight of them has led the provincial angler to suspect the worst of western fly fishing and he could not be more wrong on two counts.

On the first he is wrong in principle to confuse the beauty of the May fly with a rule of thumb. Now the Hopper is a far-and-leather fly, and fishing it is fly fishing. Fishing it is using a fly of the region, as fly fishers have always done. Furthermore, esthetically, the Hopper has a visual appropriateness in the heavy waters. It marks the region, not the game.

On the second count he is wrong in fact to believe that all or most of western fly fishing is done or can be done with flies modeled on grasshoppers. The experienced fishermen in the West simply use a wider variety of flies than the easterners, extending from the Hopper, Size 8, to a Quill Gordon, Size 18 (the size of a mosquito), on a 14-foot leader tapered to 8X, which is so fine that many fishermen use a magnifying glass as an aid to knotting a fly to it. On some of the creeks led by springs and flowing as silky as an English chalk stream, the trout will not touch anything under a Number 14.

The newcomer to the West would



THE EAGER BEAVERS

The busy engineers are back at work, flooding fairways and remote mountain glens all over the country. Most people are glad about it

by JOHN O'REILLY

THERE is plenty of beaver sign to see around these days, some of it good and some of it bad. If beavers build a dam in a secluded region they are lauded upon as great engineers and conservationists. If they flood the fairway between the fifth and sixth holes of the local golf course they are denounced as destructive critters and a menace to civilization. There are deep struggles over the role of the beaver in modern America but I am glad to report that the pro-beaver forces are getting the upper hand.

America owes one of its greatest debts to the beaver. This doesn't mean that the beaver is going to be paid off.

He never could be paid in full, for it was this ingenious animal that led the pioneers to most of the riches of this continent. But now our nature students are proving that the beaver has a far greater worth than the money to be derived from the sale of his hide. Furthermore, something is being done about it—hence all this beaver sign.

Most of the states are taking some sort of official action. In the West beavers in boxes have been parachuted into wilderness areas. When the parachute lands the box opens and the beaver is free to start engineering projects. (They'll build a \$5,000 dam for nothing.) In New Jersey beavers

are constructing dams within sight of Manhattan's tall buildings, some of which stand on land once purchased with beaver money. In many states conservation-department men are now moving beaver into forests where they have been missing for decades.

In all these areas the beaver tribe was once legion. When the Dutch colonists settled on Manhattan Island they found the country inland was populated by an astonishing extent, the engineer of the animal world. Small streams flowed through countless ponds created by their dams, elaborate structures of mud, grass, twigs, brush, logs and stones. But of greatest interest to



BEAVERS AT WORK In a pond they created in Arizona's White Mountains. High meadows are made when ponds fill with silt and are abandoned. The dams soon go out, leaving a tiny stream with verdant banks.

the colonists was the rich, brown fur of the animal. It provided them with exportable merchandise from the start and they pounced upon it. By 1886 the search for fur had reached the West Coast. John Jacob Astor merged various companies into the American Fur Company and became by far the richest man in America.

Under such pressure the beavers dwindled. By as early as 1879 they had become scarce in many states east of the Rocky Mountains and in time the great fur trade was gone. The country had been opened up and Americans were harvesting other riches they had discovered in the search for beaver pelts.

For a long time nobody much missed the beaver, except naturalists who were fascinated by his engineering skills. Beaver dams may be several hundred feet long. One classic structure was 260 feet long, six feet, two inches high and 18 feet wide at the base. It backed up a lake of 60 acres.

It was when the ecologists became interested in the beaver that the present revival began. Ecology is the relationship of an organism to its environment and to other organisms. The ecologists found that when a group of beavers build a dam they help con-

serve water, raising the water table and providing more moisture for plant growth. As uncult trees in the flooded area die, woodpeckers, flying squirrels and other creatures are attracted to them for food or nesting places. The watery expanse behind the dam is shared by wild ducks, muskrats and a host of lesser forms of animal life. The beaver pond and its environs become a busy community.

Slowly the pond silt up and eventually the beaver abandon it to seek another site. The old dam disintegrates and the water drains away, leaving once more the small winding stream. But now it flows through a valley in which has been deposited several feet of rich topsoil. The former pond becomes a lush meadow. Shrubs appear and finally the large trees rise again under conditions more favorable to their growth. Another segment of the wilderness has been enriched and regenerated, thanks to the beaver. Multiply this by thousands and the importance of the beaver's role in the scheme of the American forest becomes obvious.

During these studies a few beavers were released in wooded sections where, just like their ancestors, they set right to work. Such a place was the 51,000-

acre Palisades Interstate Park bordering the Hudson River at Bear Mountain. The last beaver in these parts had been seen in 1882 at Round Pond near West Point. In 1920 three pairs were released in the park. In 1938 a survey disclosed 42 colonies in the park totaling about 160 individuals.

Then mysterious events began to take place beyond the park boundaries. A pond would appear suddenly on the edge of a golf course. A road would become flooded where there had been no rain. The level of a pond would start to rise or trees would be found lying across highways. Lengthy struggles over riparian rights developed between homeowners and landowners. One Connecticut estate owner broke down a beaver dam every night only to find it repaired the next morning. This went on for five weeks before the beavers finally gave up. Culverts proved ideal places to stop up and make ponds. At Bear Mountain beavers had built a dam which flooded a road. Park rangers broke a hole in the dam and set a forbidding scarecrow, or scarebeaver, in the break. The next morning the dam had been repaired neatly. The scarecrow was gone and the pole that had supported it had been used in rebuilding the dam.

Such incidents were reported in many states where conservation officials re-introduced the eager engineer. When a piece of neglected wood lot was flooded by beavers it suddenly became priceless. In upper New York State the Conservation Department undertook to move the beavers when landowners complained. Soon they were carrying beavers all over the place. The rub here is that the average cost of trapping and moving one beaver is \$40.72.

It became obvious that there were either too many people or too many beavers. Conservation departments decided to cut down on the latter and in many states open seasons on beaver trapping were declared. Now the annual trapping figures are astonishing. In New York State more than 9,000 beavers were trapped last season and a recent survey shows there are still 25,000 at work. Many other states are now reporting big catches.

Nobody is going to become the richest man in America today by trapping beavers, thanks to the conservation laws. This is as it should be. When beavers show up we should think twice before giving them the bum's rush. Instead we should tip our hat and be glad that it is not a beaver hat. America owes that animal too much.

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HUNTING

ON YOUR FEET, DOG!

This is the time to get your hunting partner in shape for fall

by HENRY F. DAVIS

A LEAN dog for a long race" is an old saying that a man ought to have in mind when he looks at his hunting dog this month. An animal that has enjoyed the usual summer existence is probably in poor shape, with soft pads, weak muscles and too much fat. What the dog needs, of course, is some conditioning now so that he can hold up from the first day of the new hunting season.

While the weather is still warm it is a good idea to cut down a bit on a dog's daily ration, though not to the point of keeping him excessively hungry. One good meal a day is enough unless, as many hunters do, you prefer to provide a light breakfast and a big helping in late afternoon.

Exercise is important too, but at first it should come in small doses: say a 15-minute run in open fields in the early morning and in the cool of the afternoon. After a week of this you will find your dog's enthusiasm increasing and his stride snappier. Many hunters use these exercise periods to prospect for new covers and check old ones.

A leash against which the dog can pull will do much to harden his muscles. For this work a proper pulling harness is best so that the strain will be against chest and shoulders without fear of choking. The logical terrain for this sort of exercise is a country road, traveled half a mile each way to start.

Professional trainers who have access to open country that can be crossed in a car or light truck give dogs workouts by leashing them to a two-by-four bolted to the rear bumper and projecting a couple of feet at either side. The vehicle is driven slowly while an assistant watches carefully as two or three dogs are exercised at once.

Variations of this system immediately suggest themselves. A strong young boy on a bicycle, holding the leash so it can instantly be released if necessary, is a combination that I happen to know will work well. If a man

is fortunate enough to own a horse but has never tried exercising his dog while on horseback, he is in for a delightful surprise.

Road work is good for toughening a dog's pads, but too much of it may injure them. After every session—particularly at the start of this training—the pads should be examined for signs of excessive wear. If this occurs they should be coated with Friar's Balsam or tincture of benzoin. A coating of fuller's earth and pine tar, mixed to the consistency of paste, is also helpful. There are several commercial preparations available that banish soreness and toughen pads.

Hunting boots for dogs are available in leather and rubber and are invaluable if a dog is hunted hard all season. They're a help in sandbar country too. It is advisable to send a footprint of your dog when ordering.

After each run in the field it is a good idea to wash out a dog's eyes with a lukewarm solution of boric acid. This will remove the weed seeds and other matter that may have accumulated and prevent inflammation.

As a dog's muscles harden and his exercise periods are increased, an extra helping should be added to his daily ration. While most canned foods are excellent, the gun dog that works hard should have this meal supplemented by raw beef or horse meat. Chopped up beef hearts and kidneys, with some vegetables added, make fine stews with which to soak commercial dog meal or mix with biscuits.

Ground beef is excellent but expensive. Horse meat, which may be obtained frozen or loose at meat supermarkets and butcher shops, is considerably less expensive and provides equal food value. Beef and horse meat may be safely added to the dog's diet raw but pork, if fed at all, should be thoroughly cooked.

How much meat to add depends upon the individual dog, and how hard he is worked. You have to experiment



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HUNTING continued

a little. A top field-trial trainer conditioning his dogs for one-hour heats feeds them a pound of raw meat a day. If they are to go into endurance championship stakes, where long workouts of three hours are required, he gives them three pounds a day. His dogs always stand up well. Probably the most used rule of thumb is to feed a hard-working dog just a little less than he can eat.

Another advantage of a high-meat diet is its value in combating the incidence of running fits, an occasional



EXERCISING A DOG FROM HORSEBACK

disability of hunting dogs. A dog with a running fit will fall over on his side, legs tremble and often foaming at the mouth. During the fit he won't know his master and afterward may have to be carried all the way back to the car.

The effect upon the dog is extremely debilitating. A week or so of complete rest is advisable and a veterinarian should be consulted. He will probably suggest the addition of several ounces of raw beef liver to each meal, plus a B-vitamin supplement.

There is one disadvantage to this pre-season training—the dog is apt to outperform his own master. However, I have the solution to that. The hunter should walk a couple of miles every day, give up Martinis, eat lots of beef and go to bed early. It's a dog's life but it's worth it.



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UNDER 21

THE BIG BOOM

An Australian boomerang—better known as boomerang—can outfly a Mickey Mantle home run. But unlike a baseball, this sickle-shaped piece of wood will twirl right back to you

grieves itself. Now, that's what you call a sweet possession.

The dictionaries describe the boomerang as a plank of wood shaped in the form of an obtuse triangle, flat on one side, convex on the other—a big word way of saying it looks a lot like a sawed-off field hockey stick. Thin as well as hard, the stick can run in length from one foot to four. And, sailed right, it performs tricks which the world's top-billed magicians aren't quite up to.

One of the most breathless of them ever pulled off by the boomerang took place, logically enough, in Australia. There, some years back, a boomerang champ of 40 years* standing surrounded an audience by performing the William Tell act with this magic stick. The champ balanced an apple on his head, threw the boomerang, then stood perfectly still to await its return voyage. It sailed out 100 yards, circled five times and then came zooming back. It clipped the apple cleanly off the champ's head without ruffling his hair and plummeted to earth.

Well, that's strictly for champs. But a lot of fun can be had with a boomerang just by going to an open field and throwing it. At one end of the field, the boomeranger grasps the curved gleams in his throwing hand. He holds firmly to one end, rounded side faced inward, with his thumb pressed against it, palm flattened on the flat part. Because this magic stick has the tempera-

mental trait of retrieving itself only when flurled into the wind, he faces that way.

He draws it back behind his head, flings it forward in an overhead swing, following through as in golf or baseball. Then he releases the stick with a short, upward jerk, almost as though he's about to skip a flat stone across calm waters. That final jerk is a very important piece of business; without it, the boomerang gets off to a slow, spinning start which means it won't revolve fast enough to make the full return trip. Once the stick has taken off, it no longer seems to be a stick. It seems to be a pinpointized flying saucer.

The stick now turned into a disc against the sky skims swiftly through the air until it runs out of gas. There it rises like a tiny airplane about to loop the loop. When it has shot up a hundred feet or so, it seems to waver, almost suspended in mid-air. Miraculously, at this point, it turns itself around and comes zooming back to its boss, sometimes striking the turf almost within reaching distance. Homing pigeons have nothing on this.

The boomerang got its name in Australia and came of age there. But it was used in ancient Egypt, Assyria and India. In those places it was a weapon of tribal warfare, just as it was with the natives of New South Wales in Australia, where the little brown bushmen of the Arunta tribe finally christened



IT COULDN'T happen to a nicer sport, the honor which seems due to fall upon the one known as boomerang throwing. It will soon be a new entry in the Olympics if the Australians have their way, which you can be pretty sure they will have. Because the '56 Olympics are slated to be held in Australia's big town of Melbourne—and the boomerang thrower happens to be one athlete that the land down under is practically crawling with.

The reason for it is that such a flat continent makes a natural arena for the sport. But actually, to enjoy the fun that can be had with this sickle-shaped piece of oak, hickory or maple (any hard wood is O.K.), all you really need is one vacant lot or open field, with both of which our unfat continent is loaded.

This is a fairly simple sport to learn. Almost anyone—boy, girl or even old folks—can handle a boomerang well enough to get satisfaction from it after an hour or so of practice. And one sensationally nice point in its favor is that it's the only thing you can ever hope to own which, when thrown away, re-

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The reported influence of language exposure on children's grammar is strikingly consistent across studies. When there's a language, it goes to eleven. The only reported exception is in the case of bilingual children, who are reported to have a more advanced grammar than monolingual children.

The authors are most indebted to the referees for their valuable comments and suggestions. The authors also thank the referees for their constructive comments and suggestions. The authors also thank the referees for their constructive comments and suggestions.

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It. They called it *hamoris* or *seamrass*, depending upon whether it was the kind which retrieved itself, or a second type which is designed to travel straight, at incredible distances—first kind for hunting, second kind for fighting.

About this second type, there's a story out of England where—at a public meet, a sort of World Series of boomerang champs—one of them was thrown a record 180 yards. Now, that's not only almost the distance of two football fields but it represents 540 feet, which is just about the distance that Mickey Vauter hit his record home run in Washington last season. There's no telling what a pitcher like Bullet Bob Turley of the Baltimore Orioles could do with one of these.

However, boomerang throwing has never caught on widely in the American world of sport. Why? Well, the trade seems to think it's mainly because the magic stick—which costs from \$1.50 to \$5—is so breakable. But that shouldn't pose too tough a problem. Because the boomerang these days is also made out of plastic, which stands up under a beating that wood will not.

There's an awful lot of real excitement in the boomerang. It gives the thrower a sense of supernatural power. In fact, the way one boomeranger put it once was: "It's sort of like playing around with a live eagle."

—Dwain Decker

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POISON IVY

Hikers and golfers are among its many victims and the blistering itch can be cured only by time



THREE-LEAF CLUSTER identifies plant. Leaves, green in spring; turn reddish brown by fall.

THIS IS the season when Americans take to woods, hills and fields in search of pleasure. For 600,000 of these Americans, however, the excursion with Mother Nature is going to be a very painful experience. For, shortly thereafter, these unfortunate will be busily scratching one of North America's most persistent itches, poison ivy.

Before the year is out, the itching Masters of poison ivy and its close relatives, poison sumac and poison oak, will have extracted \$9 million in hospitalization, doctors' fees and drugs from the American pocketbooks, to say nothing of the days of misery which cannot be valued at any cost.

Almost nobody is immune to poison ivy; sensitivity is only heightened by repeated infections. It is dangerous all year round and attempts to destroy the plant have so far met with the same success achieved by projects aimed at putting an end to juvenile delinquency. You wipe it out in one place and it springs up in another.

The few effective killers also kill any other foliage they touch and may poison children who innocently nibble the leaves. It can also be said that the ivy's not for burning. Many a gardener has carefully raised the ivy into a neat pile, put it to the torch and then acquired a particularly nasty case from the poison-laden smoke.

Even individuals who never go near poison ivy become victims. You can get poisoned by petting a dog that

has run through an ivy patch. The sap clings generously but invisibly to the dog's coat. You can even get ivy itch while changing a flat tire. If your wheels have touched the ivy the tire may carry the "seeds" of the blister and itch.

The only real defense against poison ivy is not to come in contact with it at all. Anyone who can count up to three (unfortunately, children who can't count at all are among the commonest victims) can recognize ivy. Although it takes many forms—climbing vines, trailing shrubs and bushes—its poisonous leaves always come in a cluster of three.

Recognition is part of the battle, but a hunter or bird watcher who spends all his time spotting ivy and avoiding it won't see much else. A few protective devices will help: gloves, boots or high stockings and long sleeves. All protective clothing should be scrubbed with soap and water when removed, for the poisonous sap clings to the gear. Handling it will produce just as itchy a case of poison ivy as if the person had wallowed naked in the stuff. Another protective measure is a compound called Kerodex; when rubbed into the skin it protects against contamination. Immunizing injections, usually of poison ivy extract, may shorten the length of a case; but sometimes they only spread the infection further than simple contact with the plant would.

Poison ivy's incubation period is one to two days. Most cases clear up in one to two weeks, but extremely severe inflammations have been fatal. Once exposed, you can take your pick of some 1,000 remedies—none of which is more than middling effective. Washing the exposed area with a strong soap and a stiff brush may remove the poisonous fluid, but it also may spread the infection. When blisters appear, preparations like calamine lotion, wet dressings of mild salt solutions, milk of magnesia, Epsom salts or aluminum acetate, while not cures, do soothe the horrible itching.

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When will the Thunderbird be ready? Keep in touch with your Ford Dealer—"T" Day's coming soon!



BASEBALL

MAGIC FOR THE GIANTS

Willie Mays has made a lot, but Durocher is the real mesmerizer

by **RED SMITH**

IN THE spring the handbooks in Las Vegas, Nev., offered odds of 5 to 1 against the New York Giants' pennant chances. When the Giants took over first place in June their price dropped to 3 to 5. Lately the price have been so fluttery as a bookmaker's heart. Whether the Giants win the pennant or blow it, the big news of the 1954 season has been their resurrection. It started with a charm.

Before one game, Leo Ernest Durocher, the manager, had beaten Russ Hodges, the television-radio announcer, at gin rummy. This involved no powerful magic, as anyone could testify who had observed Durocher as a youth in the pool halls of West Springfield, Mass. Still, the Giants won that day. Next day Hodges paid off again. The Giants won again. And so on.

When at last the charm wore out, Durocher took to practicing his magic on the field. There is a common tendency to exaggerate the manager's importance, chiefly because the owners have sired a notion that firing the manager is a remedy for every ill. It is difficult, however, to overemphasize Durocher's role with the Giants.

Bold, brawny, combative, fearless, loud and pushing, he is in fact the leader of his team. He is too impatient to be a good manager for a poor team but he can be great with a good one, resourceful, driving, tireless. When his team is one run behind he's no better than anyone else, for then he must make the conventional moves to get the vital run. Chances are he isn't as good as the next man when the score is tied, for his jittery temperament is no aid to nervous players. But give him a one-run lead to work with and he's the best.

The old West Springfield pool shark is a gambler to the marrow. No one has a better grasp of tactics, a clearer

understanding of percentages, and few minds are so agile. He'll flash the hit-and-run sign on one pitch, change it on the next, try something else on the third, harassing the enemy, worrying him, jacking him off balance. He'll play the bunt when it is least expected, steal, squeeze, hit and run, run and hit.

He has mastered the gift of absolute concentration, whether he is at pool or baseball or cards or conversation.

The most noisily controversial figure in baseball, Durocher is what he chooses to be. To some he is a bawling boarder on a Hollywood set, perfumed, overdressed, vulgar, varnished and vain. He is capable of small acts of thoughtfulness and studied bits of malice. He subscribes to his own most-quoted dictum, "Nice guys finish last," yet he was almost finishing first in 1951. Then he remained resolutely in the background giving all credit to the players.

He can exert, when he wishes, great personal magnetism if not charm, and he can stir his players. If they are not universally fond of him, they respect his ability. This year he has been the practically peerless leader, controlling both his team and himself. In the past his oratoric impatience led to constant, unsettling line-up changes. This team took form in training camp and, except in real emergencies, has played as a unit. He recently had enough credit to spare in the charm column to weather the cross of a disgraceful dug-out spat with Whitey Lockman.

That is one reason for the Giants' success. Another, of course, is Willie Mays. Returning to baseball after two years in the Army, the dashing center fielder picked up where he left off in the spring of 1952 and picked up the team as well. He hits, he outruns live drives and he throws strikes from the fences. In one space of five games he

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1000

hit six home runs. When he wasn't knocking in the big ones, somebody else would come forward to further the home-run policy.

In this latter respect the Giants have been lucky, as a hot team always is lucky. One day the catcher, Wes Westrum, would win the game with a four-run homer. Next day Bobby Hoffman, the utility infielder, would do it with a couple.

The Giants and Cardinals were tied in the ninth inning. With runners on base, Harpovich called upon Horst Evers, an exile from the American League who hadn't made a hit of any description during the season, to lead even get a single in spring conditions. Evers banged one into the seats. In a similar situation the Little shepherd beckoned to Monte Irvin, whom he benched for failure to hit once in 26 times at bat. On the first pitch Irvin scooped home the winning run.

In the winter the Chinese invaded the

TABLE 1

From character to name
these names are a pile.
Unrelated, the word
has followed his lead.

—James E. Doyle
of Maryland, Chief Justice

1951 here, Bobby Thomson, to Milwaukee and got two pitchers, Johnny Antonelli and Doc Liddle. Thomson broke an ankle in training camp. For weeks the Braves weren't able to use him, even as a luncheon speaker, and they lost a lot of money for want of hits.

Antonelli has been the making of the pitching staff. With him as the big man, Durrenber has made good use of a physically repaired Sal Maglie, of Ruben Gomez, Jim Hearn and two reliable relievers, Hoyt Wilhelm and Marvin ("The Wrong") Grimsen.

Wilhelm's knuckle ball has been a priceless asset in the past. Grissom is an implausible phenomenon. A dozen years ago the Reds took him to camp because their first left-hander, Lee Grissom, had gotten well of a bad brother, "Tim." Lee said when Major showed up in Tampa, Fla. "He's never played ball. I meant my other brother."

Marvin hadn't played ball, but he did enjoy those big-league strikeouts. Somehow he hung on, learned to pitch in the minors. This year he has saved more than 200.

Durocher has the right Grismom. A lot of handbook operators, it would mean, have the wrong handiwork.

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GOLF

GRANTLAND RICE

BORN: 1893 DIED: 1961



GOLF'S GREATEST PUTT

Time: 1929 U.S. Open. Place: 18th hole. The Man: Bobby Jones.

by GRANTLAND RICE

One of the best articles written by Grantland Rice, who died suddenly July 18, was a piece for Sports Illustrated. It is as typical of Grantland Rice as any article could be. It is about golf, the game he loved the best. His central figure is Bob Jones, whom he followed about all the other champions he loved and admired at his leading hero. His setting is the 18th, the age when sports first became an important part of the American scene, assisted by Grant's incomparable ability to convey in his readers his previous love of sport and the excitement that seized him at certain major moments—such as Jones's dramatic finish in the 1929 National Open. For three reasons, and others more personal, I think this story by Grantland Rice is the perfect one with which to inaugurate our regular golf column:

—Warren Warren Wind

ON a late June afternoon in 1929, some 10,000 tennis-spectators crowded up to the 18th green at the Winged Foot Golf Course in Westchester County, New York. As they came running up to the green, crowding as close as they could get, you heard every type of sound from a whisper to a shriek blended into one vast babble of excited human voices. The startling news was passed from person to person—Bob Jones was on the verge of the worst catastrophe any U.S. Open had ever known.

As Jones broke through the crowd and came upon the green, the babble suddenly was stilled. This was the silence of suppressed nerves. Since the first Scottish hardman addressed an early golf ball with a shepherd's crook, I doubt if any golfer had ever faced a moment so packed with tension.

It was one of the great moments I have ever known in sports. The silence was complete. Only a few short minutes before, Jones had been six strokes up with only six holes to go. Now he had one putt left, for a tie. Bobby Jones had faced crucial putts before—more of them than any other golfer I have ever known—where important championships were at stake. But this putt meant more to Bob Jones than merely winning an Open. It meant the recapture of his golfing soul. It meant removing a dark stain from his pride, certain nationwide ridicule that was to follow failure.

Let's go back a minute. The real drama of this, the 33rd Open, and of Bob Jones's career, started at the long 12th hole.

Here Al Espinosa, the only challenger, took a destructive 8. When Espinosa took this 8, he felt he had no chance. With the tension off, he finished with four 4's and two 5's for a 78 and a total of 294.

Even with this spur on Espinosa's part, Jones could drop three strokes to par over the last six holes and still win. There never was a surer thing in golf.

Bob lost one stroke at the short 13, and then at the 15th he had a heart-breaking 7, three over par. Now he needed three pars to tie Espinosa. Here was undoubtedly the finest golfer in the world . . . yet no duffer had ever blown so bad.

Jones got his pars on 16 and 17 and came to the final hole needing a par 4 to tie his Mexican-American rival. Bob's drive was good. His second shot hit the hard, keen green and ran down a grassy bank. He chipped from below, but the chip stopped 12 to 14 feet short. He stopped as he came up on the green and saw how far short he was—the putt he had to hole to even get a draw.

This wasn't the first 10- or 12-foot putt Bob had had to sink in his brilliant career. . . . I could name any number of 10-footers he had had to keep from being beaten on some closing green. I might add here that over a

long period of years I have seen five great putters—Walker Travis, Jerry Travena, Walter Hagen, Horton Smith and Bobby Jones. I believe Jones was the greatest for the simple reason that he saved himself more times by holing the important ones—the 8- and 14-footers against George Vogt, against Cyril Tolley, against Maurice McCarthy. So he lost out Gene Sarazen and Hagen in so many championships here and abroad.

But this occasion at Winged Foot was different. Jones's competitive career, by his own choice, was nearing its end. He had been working seriously at the game since he was 7 years old. He was now 27. The 1929 title meant his third U.S. Open. He had finished 1-2 in this Open since 1922, eight years with only one exception—1927. Later O. B. Koster, Jones's Russell and the best golf writer this country ever produced, told me that if Bob had missed this putt he would never have gone abroad the next year to make his Grand Slam.

On the green, Bobby Jones crouched partly on one knee studying the slanting line of the treacherous putt. There was a dip or a break in the green of at least a foot-and-a-half that had to be judged. Bob was usually a fast putter. This time he took a few seconds longer than usual, for in addition to the speed of the fast green he had to decide how big the break was.

I was with Mike Brady, the club pro, when the putt was made. I was on the ground, peering between legs. Mike had a step ladder and was above the mob.

"He's short," Mike shouted. "He's missed it. He's short." I lost the ball en route. I picked it up again near the cup. Suddenly the ball hesitated, stopped—and then turned over once more and disappeared.

That's the way Bob always putted—to get the ball just up to the cup where it has 4½ inches to fall.

I have heard in my time a sudden roar—a great crash of noise, many, many times at many different games. I never heard before, or since, the vocal outburst that marked the end of Westchester.

Jones beat Espinosa in the play-off by more than 20 strokes. The next year he won the Grand Slam. In the wake of that putt he went on his way to our record that may never be equaled. For, as George Trever put it, "he stormed the impregnable quadrilateral of golf."

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NEW GOLDEN AGE *continued*

In sports' new golden age, fast ball is at its peak of popularity and a significant change in the rules last year may well produce truly ideal stars to match those of the '20s. For more than a decade, the rules had permitted unlimited substitutions. Out of this came the two-platoon system. Now limited substitutions are again the rule and as a result, players must be more versatile and durable. And of versatility and durability the Red Granges and the J. C. Carolines (J. C. is performing brilliantly on Red's old campus at the University of Illinois) are made.

THE MAGNIFICENT DEPRESSION

In the development of games played with an inflated leather-crowned ball (soccer, rugby, U.S. football), there

THE PRESIDENT GOLFER



"I have played the game only a little. I think it is a fine method of relaxation for men in business life, but, like everything else which is an outside enterprise, it was gradually becoming hard to enjoy."

Calvin Coolidge, 1929

was a depression in the fall of 1891—a depression with magnificent results.

James A. Naismith, a physical director employed by the Springfield, Mass. branch of the Y.M.C.A., was worried about his job. Attendance at the Y gym was falling off and Naismith was searching for some new kind of game, suitable for part-time and middle-aged athletes, and playable in a gymnasium. Walking the streets of Springfield one night, he passed a grocery store with peach baskets stacked outside. Naismith had been thinking of a game to be played with soccer balls and now the complete idea hit him. Why not throw soccer balls into peach baskets?

Naismith hurried home and started drafting a set of rules. Next evening he assembled a group of middle-aged men at the Y and began to teach them the new sport. They were crazy for it, and by January 24, 1892 Dr. Naismith had enough players to put on the first basketball game in history at the Springfield Y.

"Next season," he recalled years later, "young boys took up the game and the world knows the rest of the story."

Today, basketball is one of the great games of the world. Last season in the United States, college games drew crowds totaling more than eight mil-

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tion. Professional basketball games attracted 2,250,000 persons and were televised to weekly audiences averaging 7,500,000. Basketball teams of the Amateur Athletic Union gave 5,632 men and 5,056 women an opportunity to participate. High schools play the game before uncountable millions (it is a year round game in many states) and in Indiana high school basketball is an institution that outshines the very most along the Walrus. Fort Wayne has a basketball arena seating 10,000—South City (pop. 328) has one seating 4,500.

The Y.M.C.A., missionaries, American soldiers of both World Wars and the Harlem Globe Trotters, a professional team that features comedy with flabbergasting ball-handling, have spread the peach basket game around the world. China, Japan, India, Egypt, Syria, Turkey and Canada have had the game for half a century. Almost every other European and Asian country has taken it up, in varying degrees, in more recent years. Russia played it well enough in the 1952 Olympics to finish as runner-up to the U.S.

For dyed-in-the-wool fans, there is no game like baseball and among its nerds, George Mikan of the professional Minneapolis Lakers occupies the position of Babe Ruth in baseball. On all levels one thing is certain: Naismith's invention (the only game purely American in its origin) now is so exciting that the middle-aged man for whom it was conceived finds the mere watching of it strenuous enough.

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In the foregoing sampling of the sports scene, all the games that have been explored depend on the content alone for their appeal. But the most heavily favored sport (in terms of paid admissions) in the new golden age has a little something added. Not only may the spectator witness an exciting sports drama; he may sit in prior judgment of it as a user and then may pay a cash wage that he has judged correctly.

Horse racing was never more golden than in this new golden age. In 1983, a total of 49,747,992 fans saw all the horses run, trot or pace. There is good reason to expect that 1984 figures will be just as impressive.

Racing has always been popular in America. There was a race track on Long Island in 1663, and a little later Virginia had five tracks operating. Still later George Washington was a Virginia owner, breeder and racing official. The South held a virtual monopoly on racing before the Civil War, but after it racing boomed in the North as well. Before the war one of the greatest of America's running horses was in his prime. His name was Lexington (he set a record for the month's track of

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NEW GOLDEN AGE *continued*

7000), which stood for 19 years, and he belongs in a select company of great American horses, including Man o' War, Exterminator, Sea-biscuit, War Admiral, Citation, Whirlaway and the fabulous gray: Native Dancer. The Dancer's record is identical with that of Man o' War.

There were great jockeys to ride America's great horses. Tod Sloan, popularizer of the modern "monkey crouch" seat, so captured the imagination and affections of Americans that George M. Cohan wrote *Tod Sloan's Boy* about him. Today there are jockeys with the winning ways, if not the personal glamour, of Sloan. Among them: Eddie Arcore, with 4,352 wins, Ted Atkinson with 2,880, Willie Shoemaker with 1,904, Johnny Longden with 4,429, and Sir Gordon Richards, the jockey knighted in 1953 by Queen Elizabeth, with 4,878.

But if the spotlight were reserved for just one man in the history of running horses in the U.S., it would have

THE WHOLE MAN



"Quiet, rightly understood, is an occupation of the whole man and, while perfecting the body, it also makes the mind a more refined instrument for the search and communication of truth."

— Pope Pius XII, 1962

to fall on the late Colonel Matt Winn, long president of the American Turf Association. Racing is in debt to Colonel Winn not only for doing so much to build the Kentucky Derby into an American institution, but for saving racing's very life. There was a great rebellion waged against the sport in the early 1930s and it was Colonel Winn who turned back the tide. He installed pari-mutual machines at Churchill Downs at Louisville, Ky., in 1926, and persuaded two Maryland tracks to do the same. Thus, he kept racing going when tracks in all other states were shut down. The machines had been tried out as far back as 1870, but Colonel Winn made them stick.

Today, in the view of many who have never seen the horses run, it is the machines alone that draw the millions

continued on page 81

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But further afield (in Bermuda

at the Mid-Ocean links and at St. Cloud in France and St. Andrews in Scotland) Gin-and-Tonic with Schweppes has always been a Royal and Ancient custom.

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to the tracks. The late Joe Palmer, the college professor who turned racing writer, would have none of that notion. "Hazing," Palmer once wrote, "is an athletic contest among horses. If the spectators can whip the totalitor, meanwhile, that's all right, too. But it isn't what people go to see, and it isn't what you pick up a paper to read about. The statement is frequently made that people go to races to bet."

AT RINGSIDE: HOMER



One of the earliest sports writers was Homer. About 2,000 years ago he covered a bout between Baryphos and Epheos and wrote:

"... and the two boxers being girt went into the midst of the ring, and both lifting up their stalwart hands fell in. . . . And noble Epheos came on, and as the other spied for an opening, smote him on the cheek, nor could he much more stand, for his fair limbs failed straightway under him. . . . and his dear contrivance stood around him and led him through the ring with trailing feet, spitting out stained blood, dropping his head away, and they set him down in his groan among them. . . ."

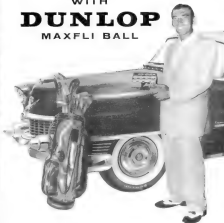
—*The Iliad, Book XXIV*

This is a half track (or seven eighths track) and it is denied in part by the fact that the worst betting race on the card—the steeplechase—inspires the most excitement and interest."

Allan W. Barkley, the former vice president, agrees with Dr. Palmer, the former professor, that "to see a real thoroughbred horse perform is one of the joys of man." And anyone who exposes himself to the color and excitement of the race track, with its ritual and fanfare, with its splendid (the slowest of them) horses, so eager to run as Willie Mays is to get the ball game started, anyone who holds his breath in the agonizing moments

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NEW GOLDEN AGE *continued*

before the start and let himself go with the crowd as it roars in the stretch, anyone so caught up in the racing drama is almost certain to be won to the cause of the Palmers and the Barkleys — especially if he has a \$2 ticket from the machines riding on the nose of the front-running horse.

THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

In this look around and over the shoulder at the sporting scene in a midcentury world, no attempt has been made to list all the great stars and all the great events that in some way contribute to the richness of this new golden age. The principal point to be made here is that, while no one seemed in grave danger of becoming a world of onlookers, now millions are getting out and participating in sports. And, at the same time, the same millions have time to be spectators at events that for color and excitement and high quality of individual performance make no apologies to any other age.

The world of sport has never truly recognized any world outside its own. In the world of sport, George Washington is admitted as a home owner along with Sir Winston Churchill and Queen Elizabeth; Dwight D. Eisenhower is a golfer, a hunter, a fisherman and fair-to-middlin' camp cook. In some other world outside, men of science have postured some new bombs, some new missiles and a wrinkle-resistant wash-and-wear suit for men. But who has time for these things — except possibly engineers who get awfully wrinkled? The only bomb the baseball fans of the typical American city of Cleveland, Ohio fear are those led out of The Bronx by Casey Stengel.

This does not mean that the world of sport is a dream world. As a matter of fact, there are solid reasons for suspecting that it is at present performing with greater logic and more straight talk than the world to which the front pages of newspapers are devoted. The talk, it should be said quickly, may not always seem straight to outsiders (take Casey Stengel's calculated gibberish as an example), but the sports fan's ear automatically translates as the eye automatically detects an image. Thus, when a Frank Leahy-type of football coach says: "We'll be lucky if we get a first down," the fan instantly knows he really means: "It will be a massacre by my boys."

Far from being a dream world, the world of sport, booming as it is everywhere, may be keeping another world from blowing its top, literally and figuratively. At a time when the talk is all of freedom, the sports world demonstrates every day its own brand of freedom which makes it possible for a man to do anything he has enough will





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S.P.

AMERICA'S MOST MODERN TRAINS

NEW GOLDEN AGE continued

to do (Greece: Free Germany & Red Hungary: 2). And yet, there is the reminder that this freedom is not the freedom to do just anything: the freedom of the sports world operates within a framework of rules.

The free sports world has solved many a social problem that appeared impossible of solution in the world outside—remember Rickie and Robinson in 1945. At a time when juvenile delinquency is an alarming problem, the sports world is doing for tens of thousands of boys what it did for the famous boys of 1914, Ruth, Guimet and Thompson. In New York City, the police put more faith in the Police Athletic League as a weapon against delinquency than they do in their night sticks. From Chicago, the Catholic Youth Organization founded in 1890 by Bishop Bernard J. Sheil has spread its sports gospel to more than 10 million boys and girls from coast to coast. Authorities everywhere agree that a boy busy with sports has little time to get in trouble.

There is nothing bad about sports. Where there seems to be, a closer look reveals that what is wrong is wrong with people. You can look only at the wrong people and dry up into a sports cynic. Or, while you remain vigilant against the corrupters and degenerates, you can look for the good and the wonderful things—and they are everywhere in this new golden age.

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Its oft-challenged but undiminished capital is Atlantic City (opposite), a burnished sandbar that is celebrating its 100th anniversary this year. In its more genteel moments, Atlantic City has entertained more celebrities than Perle Morte. In its less genteel interludes it is, like the rest of the Shore, a popcorn and polka-dot world where babies, beauties and fashion plates parade the sun-bathers, ocean-sprayed boardwalks in search of momentary distinction and a silver cup.

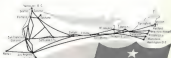
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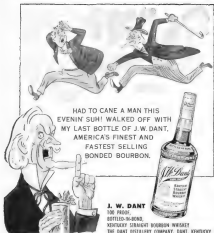
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Shore annually crown more heads and bestow more titles than all the Archbishops of Canterbury in history. Besides the laurels awarded to Miss America each September, there is the investiture of such royalty as the New Jersey State Seal-bearer Princess, the National Clam-and-Oyster-Opening Champion and the King of Marbles, Asbury Park, which itself looks like a title of the "King of Chameleons." Among yearly coronations for Miss Mah Water Taffy, Miss Sun Tan and Miss Dreamboat and it likes to point out that its Queen of Fashion, selected each Easter, is the one Jersey Shore queen who is crowned with all her clothes on.

In addition to this charged atmosphere, artificially invoked, it has been well known since the early days of the Republic that the natural air of the Jersey Shore is possessed of a special salubrity both therapeutic and inspirational, not to mention cool. Back in 1847 Henry Clay, relaxing on the beach at Cape May, was set upon by a horde of female admirers who cut snips of his hair for souvenirs, a fate such an unfortunate fellow Editor-Fisherman at Cape May and its main rival, Long Beach, have given air-conditioned relief from the Washington summer to Presidents Lincoln, Grant, Pierce, Buchanan, Harrison, Hayes, James Garfield and Woodrow Wilson.

Latter-day show his chose Atlantic City as a prime place to perform, so



rest or to wait for an idea. Its special air seems to have a higher idea count than any other you can name. Irving Berlin reportedly composed *All About* in a rolling chair and rushed back to his hotel to write it down.

Although it is a wellspring of immortal melodies, the town's favorite number is *On the Beach*, a sort of local anthem written by Mack Gordon and Joe Myers. The boardwalk, now as necessary to any self-respecting seaside resort as fringing on the sea, was first installed at Atlantic City in 1878 because a hotel owner got tired of dusting thousands of lobby carpets.

Almost any stretch of sand along the Jersey Shore where you can send out a fishing line without fear of hooking a bather will prove good for surf casting. There is crabbing, sailing and yachting on the Narrows River at Red Bank, and ice skating in the winter. Besides giving you a chance at tuna and mackerel, the Atlantic City offshore fishing boats will provide a view of "Lucy, the Elephant," one of the town's major attractions among the city's many hotels. "Lucy" is actually a tin elephant 65 feet high, built near here in 1882 on the beach at nearby Margate. Aside from looking like an elephant, "Lucy" bears certain resemblances to a house. She has windows all around and is said to be the only elephant on the continent with two gates in the rear.

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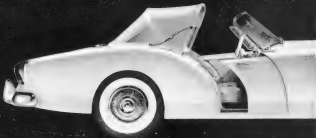


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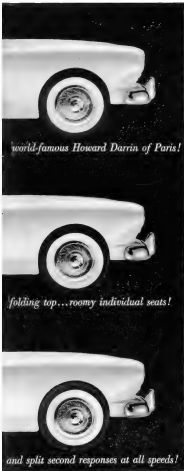
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WESTERN TROUT continued

have cocked his eyebrows last September at fishermen floating Light Cahills and Adamses and some beautiful western May fly creations in those small steel down big rivers such as the Big Hole and Yellowstone. The trout, including the biggest of them, disdained anything else throughout the season. No, there is no distinction in subtlety between these waters and the best waters of the East; there are only more kinds of fishing and more conditions—all the old problems and some new ones.

The seasons for western trout are determined by the run-off of snow water, and of course by regulation. The law prohibits early spring fishing in most streams and rivers. Nature limits the fishing, especially fly fishing, from the middle of June to the middle of August with relatively high and murky water. Up in the plateaus of the park, however, the water is good early, and fishing on most of the waters begins on Memorial Day. As the season proceeds the easily accessible park waters—those along the road—become less good, perhaps because of excessive fishing, while the waters downstream and out of the park get better as their level falls. The great season for the great rivers is from the middle of August to the first of October.

The fly fisherman can suit his taste by choice of river. For example, the most prized stream in the park is the Firehole. It originates in the pinyon country around Old Faithful and flows north along the west side of the park, drops over falls and joins the Gibbon coming down from the north to form the upper Madison.

Taking its time through a slightly graded plateau, the Firehole makes a smooth run that causes it to be a favorite of the dry fly fishermen. The same might be said of the upper Madison, winding westward through woods and meadows to Hebgen Lake just outside of the park. The Madison here flows slick and bears no resemblance to its turbulent waters below the lake. It is water for the long leader and the small fly, and is best in early season.

The waters of the park are everywhere and wonderful. All of them are good waters for trout, though the fish themselves for the most part originally had to be brought up by man and planted—they couldn't get up the falls.

In the northeast corner rises the picture-postcard Gallatin; in the south the Lewis and the Snake. The Yellow-



AUTHOR McDONALD on the Madison. A lifelong angler, he took, for example, *The Fisherman*, in the definitive work on Theodore Gordon, father of the dry fly in America.

stone rises outside the park and runs into Yellowstone Lake, the largest lake at its altitude in the world and full of cutthroat trout. Below the lake the Yellowstone River begins its long great run, picking up at the north end of the park the Lamar and the Gardiner, good fishing streams. But the best fishing, and most of the fishing in the area, is outside the park.

On the north, in Montana alone, and well within the 100-mile circle, there follow in succession from east to west, about 25 miles apart and separated by mountain ranges, the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, the Stillwater, the Boulder and West Boulder, the Yellowstone on its northward run, the Gallatin, the Madison, the Jefferson and the Big Hole—a concentration of the greatest trout rivers in the U.S.

Although these rivers have been fished with one kind of tackle or another for many years now, and those to the east close to the populous center of Billings are heavily fished, they will not—short of complete drain-off for irrigation—be domesticated. They rise in permanent wilderness and have in their nature the quality of wild water. This quality is inherent in the atmosphere of western fishing, distinguishing it from the pastoral east and England and from that which has been most often described in few centuries of trout-fishing literature.

"The essence of true angling is tradition," says the eastern writer, Spense Grey Hackler; and there is no doubt that eastern fishing takes much of its inward, intimate charm from its connection with the past. The west cannot

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WESTERN TROUT *continued*

now and perhaps never will satisfy this taste and the desire that goes with it. Fly fishing there is a relatively new sport. The western writer, John Hodgden Bradley, who has probably fished more western waters than anyone living, says that in 1920, when he first went out there, he saw no dry flies and few flies of any kind for sale or in use in Wyoming or Montana. Yet even with the adoption of the most subtle of traditional ways of fly fishing, the west remains inescapably west. It is a country for those whose hearts respond to great shapes and spaces and to a splendor that is forever new and elusive in its constant transformations. The western fisherman carries tradition, along with a few novelties like the Hopper, in his fly box, and by this thread alone he is tied to the past.

The circle described here encloses a country of fish, flies, fishing and fishermen. In the lobby of the Murray Hotel in Livingston the talk is as dedicated to this subject as it is to horses in the lobby of the Lafayette in Lexington, Ky. And everyone has his secret place, a canyon, a pool, a nameless tributary, a lake. . . .

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DANCER AT SARATOGA

Alfred Vanderbilt's gray champion is just about ready to go

by ALBION HUGHES

SARATOGA has been given up for dead a half-dozen times since the war, but last week the old New York spa came to life again. The petanica-banked track with the Victorian manners has a hold on racing enthusiasts that nothing can shake. Actually, little remains of the old town but the track. Gone are the huge night clubs and the gaming rooms. Gone is the wonderful old Grand Union Hotel and gone, too, are the big barns in show business which once adorned Saratoga's night life. But the major attraction this year is a headliner nevertheless. Native Dancer, the imperturbable gray champion, is attempting a comeback at the spa. And he should outdraw a dozen Joe E. Lewises.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt's four-year-old, idolized by race track crowds and TV viewers alike, injured his right forefoot after winning the Metropolitan at Belmont last May. Feminists prophesied the end of his racing career. I watched him work out at Belmont the day before he was shipped to the spa, and saw him work again up there last week, and I thought he looked trim and hard. Barring the unforeseeable, I think Native Dancer is going to make it. But of course it's the unforeseeable that makes horse racing.

The Dancer was originally pointed for the Saratoga Cup at the end of the meeting—a weight for age affair that should be a pushover. But he may start in the \$50,000 added Whitney Handicap August 21st, where he'll probably have to carry half the grandstand. In any event, he's going to stay at Saratoga and not go traipsing off to Chicago despite the lure of richer stakes. There's still every chance that he'll race in France this October. Win, lose or draw, this is his last year of racing. His record still stands at 20 wins out of 21 starts.

Next to the Dancer, the biggest excitement in the yearling sales now under way. The six nightly sessions build, like any good drama, to a smashing climax. Friday night, the yearlings from the Almahurst Farm of Henry H. Knight go on the block. These always bring big prices and bigger crowds. Then on the final night the Aga Khan's lot of 24 Irish-bred yearlings shown over here in July, go under the gavel of auctioneer George Swinebrosi.

Opening week at Saratoga was rained over by C. V. Whitney's barns. They stalked up eight victories. Little Fisherman, who flunked out in the Belmont Stakes last June and has been resting since, outran a batch of older horses in the mid-week American Legion Handicap, thereby putting himself back in the running for possible three-year-old honors. And a first starting two-year-old, Pyrenees by Goya II out of White Lady, won his debut over a dull track by four lengths. All in all quite a triumph for trainer Sylvester Velth.

The Travers, oldest stake with continuity in this country, climaxes the second week of racing at Saratoga. Fisherman, on the strength of his performance last week, will undoubtedly be the favorite. There is a considerable revival of turf racing in the U.S. this summer, with Atlantic City and Chicago among its major exponents. The Atlantic City track has a whole flock of races scheduled for the grass during the 50-day meeting, culminating in the invitation United Nations Handicap in September.

The \$25,000 added Grassland Handicap will be run August 14 at a mile and an eighth at Chicago's Washington Park, which took over from Arlington Park last week. Stan, the Hanby House Farm's imported winner of



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the Arlington Handicap heads a list of 31 races.

A new grandstand, escalators and air-conditioned dining rooms help keep the paying guests comfortable at Washington Park. This meeting, which runs until Labor Day, has two \$100,000 stakes and the Purity at \$75,000.

Clint W. Murphree and Ed Richardson, two Texas gentlemen more recently associated with another kind of track—they backed Robert Young for control of the New York Central—are conducting an experiment in philanthropy at Del Mar racetrack in California.

With the permission of the State, 99% of the profits derived from this newly acquired track now go to a project called Boys, Inc., to help combat juvenile delinquency. Although Californians can't take it off their income tax they can glory in the fact that every two dollar bet they make swells the coffers of Boys, Inc.

Best way to play the races at Del Mar is to follow that riding fool Willie Shoemaker, who has been winning doubles and trifles almost every day. It's easier than reading the form, and more profitable.

ANNIVERSARY

By Mark



UPSET BY UPSET

Giant-swinging Man o' War, with Johnny Loftus up, was an odd-on favorite to win the Sanford Memorial at Saratoga 17 years ago this week. But when a substitute starter sprang the barrier prematurely, the chestnut was left at the post, three lengths behind pursuing Golden Broom. In the stretch, Golden Broom faded and Man o' War showed upset to the wire, losing by a stout neck. It was Man o' War's only defeat in one year of racing.

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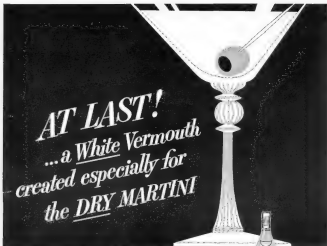
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SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

■ **Mrs. Marjorie Jackson-Nelson**, 22, of Australia, won the women's 228-yard dash at the British Empire games in Vancouver in the world-record time of 34 seconds—1/5 of a second faster than the mark set in 1924 by Olympic champion Fannie Blankens-Koen of The Netherlands.

■ **An Indianapolis, Harvard ("Bumpy") Jones**, University of Michigan swimmer, shaved 2.7 seconds off his own world record to win the National A.A.U. 400-meter individual medley in 3 minutes, 28 seconds.

Sniffley Mann, 17, of Arlington, Va., set a U.S. backstroke record of 1:21.5 while winning the women's 100-meter championship. The Ft. Lauderdale women's freestyle relay team lowered the American record for 300 meters by 12 seconds with a winning time of 10:38.7.

Gardner Green, Ft. Lauderdale freestyle, took a whopping 18.7 seconds off the American 400-meter record by winning the women's finale in the time of 10:43.8.

■ In Budapest, **Georgy Torgov** of Hungary swam the 100-meter butterfly in 1:02.3, lowering his own world record by 1.4 seconds. The Hungarian 400-meter women's medley relay team broke its own world record with a 5:02.3 performance. Former record: 5:04.2.

■ **Bill Glickin**, 31, of St. Louis, 1933 target archery champion, bettered his own world record for a one-day shoot by 23 points when he scored 592 on the opening day of the National Archery Association championships at Sacramento.

■ **Ernest Thomsen**, Natchez, N.H., angler, applied for a world record on the 11-lb., 8-oz. golden trout he landed near the mouth of Saragay Harbor.

■ Moscow radio credited **Stefanidis Nikolaev**, Russian weight lifter, with another world heavyweight record (the third this year) for his snatch lift of 250.1 pounds.

TRACK

ENGLAND'S VANTAGE—Dr. **Roger Bannister** of England ran mile in 3:58.8 to beat John Landy of Australia by five yards as England won the unofficial team championship at the British Empire games with total of 514 1/2 points. Runner-up: Australia—383 1/4, Canada—318.

BASEBALL

THE LEADERS—The New York Yankees, usually a solid first by this time of year, found themselves scrambling to stay within striking distance of the first-running **Cleveland Indians**. Two and a half games behind, going into a three-game series with Cleveland, the Yankees won two out of three on the hitting of Center Fielder **Mickey Vernon** and Left Fielder **Joe Mauer**—the American League's leading batter—238. Then they fell flat on their faces, dropping two out of three over the weekend to the Detroit Tigers while the Indians were averaging a four-game series from the Philadelphia Athletics on the home-run hitting of Outfielder **Levy**

Daley (28) and Third Baseman **Al Rosen** (19).

In the National League, **Washington** was providing the excitement, sweeping three straight over the weekend from the first-place N. Y. **Giants** to close in behind second-place **Brooklyn**. The **Reds**, meanwhile, climaxed a winning week with a 30-1 rout of **Cincinnati** (including a record 13 runs in the eighth inning) and edged to within three games of the **Giants** but only four and a half ahead of the **Browns**. Top individual performers in the National League were, as usual, **Stan Musial** of St. Louis—first in RBI (104), second (1388) in batting to **Brooklyn's Duke Snider** (384), and third behind **Willie Mays** (26) in home runs (39); and **Robin Roberts** of the Philadelphia Phillies, who struck out five Chicago Cubs in winning his 17th game and raising his strike-out total to 135—both high marks for the major leagues so far this season.

MAN AND MONEY—Arthur ("Red") **Fatherman**, for 8 years public relations chief of the New York Yankees, resigned after "a clash of personalities" with Yankees General Manager **George Weiss**. Six days later he was appointed assistant general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

■ The Philadelphia Athletics, an American League bad mark for 31 years but flat broke now and tied for last place, got an offer of \$4,500,000 for their franchise from **Arnold Johnson**, who would move the A's to Kansas City, and a similar offer from a home-town group. At work's end neither offer had been acted upon but most baseball men were convinced that, civic pride or no, the A's were on their way out of Philadelphia.

GOLF

THE TAP—**Wally Schirmer**, apparently at the peak of her golfing skills after recovering from a cancer operation, shot a 10-under-par 284 (including a career-record 49 on the second round) to win \$1,000 first money in the women's professional division of the rich **Yam O-Shanter** tournament in Chicago. Other prize takers in the 72-hole grid: **Jerry Barber** of La Canada, Calif., first among the male pros with a 277 that earned him \$1,429; **Arnold Palmer**, Cleveland amateur, whose 285 ended the six-year reign of Toledo's **Frank Stranahan** in the men's amateur division; **Wesley Wright** of San Diego, tops among the women amateurs with 318.

OLD AND NEW—**Marianne Stewart**, 23, of Foxhill, Ont., won her third consecutive Canadian women's closed golf championship with 54-hole score of 223. Runner-up: **Dorothy Harbertson** of Victoria, B.C., 241, and **Marcy Gay of Kitchener, Ont.**, 243. ■ **Foster Beeding**, 17, of Los Angeles beat **Allen Gelfinger** of Santa Barbara, Calif., 2 and 1 in final of U.S.G.A. junior amateur championships at Los Angeles.

■ **Harlan Smith**, 48-year-old president of the Professional Golfers Association, edged out **Chick Harbert**, PGA champion, by single stroke to win Michigan Open championship at Detroit.

■ **Elsworth Vines**, tennis champion of the '30s, resigned as resident golf pro for the Wilshire Country Club in Los Angeles to replace **Max Hagan** as pro at the Tamarisk Country Club in Palm Springs, Calif., as of Oct. 1.

HORSE RACING

FISHMAN BACK—C. V. **Whitney's** 3-year-old **Fishman**, untried since he lost the Belmont by a neck seven weeks ago, carried too weight of 123 pounds to three-quarter-length victory over **Lawrence E. Jones's** Copper Kettle in American Legion Handicap at Saratoga. One second off the track record of 1:28 for seven-furlong sprint, **Fishman** looked drifty enough to establish himself as early favorite for this week's **Travers Stakes**.

UPS AND DOWNS—**Jockey Eddie Arcore** returned from two-day nonriding suspension to guide **Mrs. George D. Widener's** 3-year-old filly, **Seaside Out**, to two-length victory over **Clear Dawn** in \$48,000 Monmouth Oaks at Oceanport, N.J.

■ Twenty-two-year-old **Tony Delapierre**, nation's leading jockey with 190 winners this year, was set down for five days at **Wanamaker Park, E.I.** for failing to meet riding engagements.

■ On the same day, **Willie Shoemaker**, champion jockey in 1933, rode three winners at Del Mar, Calif. to give him total of 22 victories in nine days of racing and raise year's total to within eight of **De-Spina's**.

TRIOFEST—**Newport Stock Farm's Newport Brown** won 22nd running of \$104,850 Hambletonian in straight heats with identical times for each heat: 1:52 4/5.

SWIMMING

CHAMPIONS—Top scores at the A.A.U. National Outdoor swimming championships at Indianapolis:

■ **Pat Keller McCormick** of the Los Angeles A.C. kept her one-meter and three-meter championships and defeated platform champion **Paula Jean Myers** of the Indian Springs, Calif. Aquatic Club for a clean sweep of the women's diving competitions.

■ **Gladys Green** of Ft. Lauderdale was the meet's only other triple winner, with her record-breaker in the 300-meter free-style races and lost the 400-meter by only 1/8 second to **Bill Woodley**, also of Hawaii.

■ The North Carolina State College swimming team scored 54 points to beat the

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ATHLETE AND ARTIST

George Bellows, noted for boxing art, did other sports masterpieces



PAINTING FROM GEORGE BELLAWS' COLLECTION OF THE "TENNIS AT NEWPORT" IN 1900 WITH WASHINGTON POST ARTIST, 1900

As an art student in New York, fresh out of Ohio State University where he excelled in baseball and basketball, George Bellows augmented his small finances by playing shortstop with semi-professional teams. A casual visit to a back-room boxing match quickened his interest. In that then-illegal sport and later produced the magnificent paintings and lithographs for which he is most famous. Bellows loved the flashing color of muscular bodies as they lunged and bent in action, but he was not limited to the smoke-laden, seven-seated sporting clubs. He also painted the more fashionable sports of the wind-clean out-of-doors.

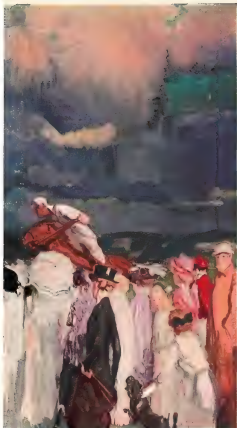
At Newport's vine-clad social center, the Casino, built in 1880 by James Gordon Bennett Jr. from designs by Stanford White, Bellows painted the delightful scene (above) of a tennis match on the velvety grass courts. It

was here in 1881 that Richard Dudley Sears won the first national tennis championship. In succeeding years local-fied and paraded Bellows, Astors and Vanderbelts assembled for the matches that helped tennis grow into a national sport. On these same courts the annual Newport Invitational Tennis Tournament is being played this week.

George Bellows' influence on American art was as great as the Casino's on tennis. His work carried a compelling impact after the academic conservatism of the old masters at the turn of the century. Unimpressed by European traditions, he never left his native country but ranged the U.S., painting Americans in their sports and games. By the time he died in 1925, at 42, Bellows' brush had captured such diverse scenes as the lush polo fields of the East and the rocky fishing grounds of the West. *Author's biography*



Turner, J.M.W. (1810-1891) *Rain, Steam, and Great Railway Bridge*



"POLO PLAYERS" demonstrates DeWeese' brilliant palette and his ability to render an emotional, dramatic moment of action. This scene, painted in 1916 at the country estate of Jay Gould in Lakewood, N.J., captures the essence of the fashionable game.



"THE FISHERMAN" WAS PAINTED IN 1817. TURNER'S INTEREST IN THE CALIFORNIA COAST

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LETTER TO JIM TATUM

from an old coach who thinks the All-Stars may beat the Lions

by HERMAN HICKMAN

August 9, 1954

Mr. Jim Tatum, Head Coach
College All-Star Football Team
Soldier Field
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Jim:

Just a short thank-you note for extending me the "privileges of the house" during the All-Stars' football practice at Purdue University. It was wonderful for an old fat ex-coach to experience once again the blood and sweat of the practice field, and let's hope that Friday night against the Detroit Lions there will be no tears. You have had few tears in your short but sensational career. Not until you got four touchdowns behind at the half will you have lived the full life. Then you'll be a coach, my son.

Old coaches, you know, are a peculiar breed that never quite coaching. Their record masked in the mist of antiquity grows gradually better. Only the brilliant strategy and the winning games are well remembered. It's a funny thing, Jim, but though I've been out of action only two years I can remember just a few of the games I coached at Yale. For example, I can remember distinctly a couple of Harvard games, but strange as it may seem ALL of the Princeton games are extremely vague. I hope if I make a few comments about your squad you'll remember my Harvard games too. Not the others.

For instance, I think that this guy Zeke Bratkowski, the former Georgia quarterback via Danville, Ill., is just about the most polished college passer I've ever seen. The three other quarterbacks don't look bad either: Cotton Davidson of Baylor, Vince Dooley of Auburn and the famous Bobby Garrett of Stanford. I realize that none of your quarterbacks are tried operators of the "option play" which is an integral part of your attack, but if I had

Bratkowski on my squad I'd mold an offense to fit him.

Your three deep backs won't hurt you either. That combination of Paul Cameron of U.C.L.A. at left half, Neil Worden of Notre Dame at fullback and Johnny Lattner from the same institution at right half looks pretty good to me. I guess I've coached as many All-Star games as anybody and whenever I have had five Notre Dame players on a squad it's always been a good one. You could do worse than start all five of them with Art Hunter at left tackle, Jim Schrader at center and Merrill Mavrides at right guard. You know, all Notre Dame players seem to come out of the same mold: big, beautiful legs, strong loins, well-mannered, perfectly coached in all fundamentals of the game and with the burning desire to win.

That phrase "burning desire" is no joke, according to a story I heard at the All-Star practice about Jim Schrader in the Notre Dame-Southern Methodist game last fall. Notre Dame had scored and was attempting the extra point. Schrader, playing center, was penalized 15 yards for illegal use of the hands. The ball was moved back to the 17-yard line for the second attempt. This time Schrader snapped the ball with such force that it sailed all the way over the holder and the potential kicker, and, of course, the attempt failed. Coach Frank Leahy called for Jim: "Jim Schrader, Jim Schrader! Will you come over here, Jim Schrader?" Schrader went. "Jim Schrader, what happened to you?" Coach Leahy asked. Jim told him that he didn't know what was wrong. "Jim Schrader!" Leahy roared, "You'll burn in hell for this, Jim Schrader!" Jim may be hunting pretty bright Friday night too.

Jim, I do think two factors are

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ZERO KING

strongly in your favor this year.

One, you are playing the game under college rules which means that the Detroit Lions will have to play their specialized offensive and defensive men both ways. Two, this is the second straight year the champion Lions have played against the All-Stars. There is always the possibility, and this point is most important, that they may not be as hungry as last year. In 1959, the last time the All-Stars won, they caught Greasy Neale's Philadelphia Eagles the second time around.

You have forced the Lions to break up their practice schedule, because they must get their separate offensive and defensive units ready to defend their National Football League championship while you are preparing your squad just for this one shot. Bobby Layne, the outstanding offensive quarterback of the Detroit Lions, will be used only in the proper spots on offense, according to Coach Buddy Parker. That means he may see little action, and this will impair the efficiency of Lions' offense as much as 25%. The starting backfield should line up something like this: Tom Dublinist, who saw only limited service last year, at quarterback; the amazing Donk Walker at left half; the durable Hunchy Hoenschmeyer at full; and speedy Jack Christiansen, who led the league last year in pass interceptions, at right half.

It probably seems to you that I am painting a pretty optimistic picture but you must remember, Jim, that you are coaching the College All-Stars Friday night—not me. I happened to run into Paul Brown's Cleveland team with Otto Graham, Inc. on their maiden trip to Soldier Field in 1961 but, so help me, Jim, I just can't for the life of me remember how it came out. Anyway, the best of luck to you.

Briefly,

Herman

P.S. It all comes back to me now—my All-Star loss 33 to 6. But don't let that frighten you, Jim.

H.

EXPERT OPINION

Dean Crowwell, retired U.S.C. track coach: "Track coaches are the dumbest of all. If they weren't, they'd become football coaches and get paid for worrying."

—John Mooney
Salt Lake City Tribune

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COLUMN OF THE WEEK



CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER



Each week *Browns* businessmen will regret an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a price of \$250.

Sports Editor Gordon Cobbledick considers the baseball and decides it is here to stay—unless some means is found to outlaw wildness high and inside while sanctioning it low and outside.

IN A single game last Saturday the Milwaukee Braves' Joe Adcock hit four home runs and a double against the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Sunday, Adcock was banned by a Dodger pitcher and carried from the field on a stretcher.

Monday, demands for antibatball legislation were renewed by press and public.

I am reminded of two pitchers who were contemporaries with the Cleveland Indians a good many years ago. To protect the innocent, let us say that one was named Jim and the other Joe.

Now Jim was known far and wide as a Nice Guy, without a mean bone in his head. Joe, on the other hand, was recognized as a dirty this-and-that who would stick a fast ball in his grand-

mother's ear if he thought it would frighten the old lady out of taking a tee hold against him.

The Nice Guy, being a professional baseball pitcher whose bread and butter depended upon his getting the batter out with reasonable regularity, occasionally found it expedient to knock them on their duffs as a means of discouraging undue familiarity.

At such times the batters would pick themselves up, brush the dust from their bloomers and observe to the catcher and umpire, "I've never seen old Jim as wild as he is today."

But let poor Joe, by the sheerest accident, get a fast ball two inches inside and the hitters would drop their bats and want to fight, asserting that he was trying to maim them.



A PORTRAIT OF THE HORSE OF THE YEAR

This portrait of Greenlee Stable's Tom Fool, voted Horse of the Year 1935, was presented to co-owners John Hay Whitney and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson at a luncheon Aug. 12 in the Saratoga,

N.Y. clubhouse. Under jockey Ted Atkinson, shown here, the girl is Richard Stone Harrow's painting, Tom Fool was 10 of 14 in 1935. He has since been retired to stud.



THEY LOOKED LOOKED and LOOKED

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I mean they were undertaking to read the pitchers' minds in the light of their reputations, and were, of course, reading inaccurately. And that is exactly what the advocates of antibatman legislation are asking that umpires be required to do. The umpire aren't having any.

The fact is that umpires were instructed many years ago by the presidents of both major leagues that a pitcher who feed at a batter's head was to be warned and, upon repetition of the offense, was to be thrown out of the game, with an automatic suspension to follow.

Never, to my knowledge, has the directive been invoked in the American League, though certainly no day passes in which some pitcher does not throw at some batter with intent to intimidate him.

The umpires, who have trouble enough ruling on things they can see, understandably have declined to accept any part of the assignments to impose penalties for things they merely suspect. And they can never do more than suspect premeditation in a fast ball thrown in the vicinity of a batter's head.

It will always be so until some means is found to legislate wideness out of baseball or to enforce a decree against wideness high and inside while sanctioning wideness low and outside.

And if the umpires did take on the job they have been ordered to perform, it's a fair bet that they would absolve the guilty Jim and convict the innocent Jim.

The baseball, or dealer, will become extinct as an instrument of baseball tactics when war and crime and other manifestations of the inbred causeness of the human race become extinct.

The basic difficulty lies in the fact that ballplayers and managers don't really want it outlawed, since it's a useful device in the hands of their own pitchers. They holler only when it's used against them.

PICTURE CREDITS

COVER: Howard Chandler Christy; Design: 31 Photo Gallery; 37 AP; 40 AP; 41 AP; 42 AP; 43 AP; 44 AP; 45 AP; 46 AP; 47 AP; 48 AP; 49 AP; 50 AP; 51 AP; 52 AP; 53 AP; 54 AP; 55 AP; 56 AP; 57 AP; 58 AP; 59 AP; 60 AP; 61 AP; 62 AP; 63 AP; 64 AP; 65 AP; 66 AP; 67 AP; 68 AP; 69 AP; 70 AP; 71 AP; 72 AP; 73 AP; 74 AP; 75 AP; 76 AP; 77 AP; 78 AP; 79 AP; 80 AP; 81 AP; 82 AP; 83 AP; 84 AP; 85 AP; 86 AP; 87 AP; 88 AP; 89 AP; 90 AP; 91 AP; 92 AP; 93 AP; 94 AP; 95 AP; 96 AP; 97 AP; 98 AP; 99 AP; 100 AP; 101 AP; 102 AP; 103 AP; 104 AP; 105 AP; 106 AP; 107 AP; 108 AP; 109 AP; 110 AP; 111 AP; 112 AP; 113 AP; 114 AP; 115 AP; 116 AP; 117 AP; 118 AP; 119 AP; 120 AP; 121 AP; 122 AP; 123 AP; 124 AP; 125 AP; 126 AP; 127 AP; 128 AP; 129 AP; 130 AP; 131 AP; 132 AP; 133 AP; 134 AP; 135 AP; 136 AP; 137 AP; 138 AP; 139 AP; 140 AP; 141 AP; 142 AP; 143 AP; 144 AP; 145 AP; 146 AP; 147 AP; 148 AP; 149 AP; 150 AP; 151 AP; 152 AP; 153 AP; 154 AP; 155 AP; 156 AP; 157 AP; 158 AP; 159 AP; 160 AP; 161 AP; 162 AP; 163 AP; 164 AP; 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Dr. Norman Johnson sampling a glass of Girdel Beer in the ancient board room of the Barclay's Porter House, Square 1, the favorite office of Dr. Norman Johnson, who wrote many of the famous works here.



"In our opinion Girdel Beer is brewed to the high standards which we traditionally follow in making Barclay's Beer at our 500-year old brewery in London, England.

"Girdel's distinctive quality merit it a place among the world's fine beers."

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Germany adds this tribute: "Girdel Beer is light as body, clear as glass and altogether satisfying to the taste. Girdel Beer deserves its place among the world's truly fine beers," says Hans Josef Maier, Technical Director, Brauerei Brewery, Frankfurt, Germany.



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ATHLETE'S FOOT?



Picture for Absorbine Jr.

Here's America's time-proven relief!

■ Raw cracks between the toes mean Athlete's Foot can strike, especially in summer when hot, damp feet make an ideal "hot-house" for parasitic micro-organisms. When left untreated, Athlete's Foot can require doctor's care. Don't let it happen to you! Get after Athlete's Foot symptoms—fast—with Absorbine Jr.

In 3 out of 4 cases tested under strictly controlled clinical conditions, Absorbine Jr. proved successful in relieving Athlete's Foot misery. It kills all the Athlete's Foot fungi



It can reach—regardless of what combination is present! It dissolves perspiration products, promotes skin healing, too.

If you have any signs of Athlete's Foot, use Absorbine Jr. To help prevent reinfection, hold socks 15 minutes. Play safe—use Absorbine Jr. daily during summer months. Absorbine Jr. is on sale at all drug counters.

Sufferer? Thousands of others use Absorbine Jr. for soothing relief from minor sores. Try it!



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ABSORBINE Jr.

COMING EVENTS

● TELEvised EVENTS: ALL TIMES GIVEN ARE E.S.T., EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

August 12 through 19

FRI DAY, AUGUST 12

Football

- Detroit Lions vs. College All-Stars, Soldier Field, Chicago, 5:30 p.m.

Golf

- U.S., Canada and Mexico, for American Cup, London Hunt and C.C., Ont.

Swimming

- Interlake Regatta, Sandusky, Ohio; includes Triply Regatta, Houston Y.C., Conn.

Shooting

- Rail, B.R. and Pistol championships, Camp Perry, Ohio

Swimming

- Natl. A.A.U. (1) women's 800-meter free-style championship, Houston, Tex.

Tennis

- Harvard-Pale vs. Oxford-Cambridge, for Premier Cup, Wimbledon, England

Water Skiing

- Natl. championships, Lake Okauchee, Lacota, S.D.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13

Boxing

- Cruz Andrade vs. Roland Alonzo, lightweights, Mel. Philadelphia (35 rds.), 9 p.m. Andrade enters in 25 fights

Football

- Philadelphia Eagles vs. Baltimore Colts (rehabilitation), Hershey, Pa., 8:30 p.m.
- Green Bay Packers vs. Chicago Cardinals (rehabilitation), Minneapolis, 8 p.m. C.D.T.
- Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Chicago Bears (rehabilitation), Pittsburgh, 8:30 p.m.

Golf

- Canadian Women's Open final, Dartmouth, N.S.

Horse Racing

- Tieren Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., 5 p.m.
- Grassland Handicap, \$25,000 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Washington Pk., Honeswood, Ill.
- Reedwell Handicap, \$20,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.

Motorboating

- All Nations Memorial Regatta, Buffalo, N.Y.

Swimming

- A.A.U. for Western Synchronized Swimming championships, Riverside, Calif.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 14

Auto Racing

- NASCAR (50-m. Grand Natl., Williams-Grave, Pa.

Baseball

- Natl. Natl. League World Series begins, Griffith Stadium, Washington, D.C.

Football

- San Francisco 49ers vs. N.F.C. Giants (rehabilitation), San Francisco, 3 p.m. P.S.T.

Golf

- Tam O'Shanter world championship final, Tam O'Shanter C.C., Chicago, 3 p.m. Winner gets \$20,000 outright.

Motorboating

- Natl. Class A championship hill climb, Mt. Benfield, Marietta, Mich.
- Natl. 5-mile championship, Sturgis, S. Dak.

Golfing

- Luton Cup Regatta, Grand Lake, Colo.

Tennis

- Newport Casino Invitation final, Newport, R.I., 4:30 P.M. (1st hard court final, Seaside, Calif.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15

Boxing

- Gerald Fryer vs. B. Concorpio, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (18 rds.), 10 p.m.

- Frankie Ryle vs. Dennis Pat Brady, lightweights, Eastern Plenary, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m.

Golf

- Canadian Amateur, London Hunt and C.C., Ont.

Tennis

- U.S. Natl. doubles tournament, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass. Australian start are entered.

Swimming

- Yorkshire Derby, \$10,000, 1 m., Yorks Raceway, N.Y.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17

Golf

- PGA Natl. Caddy tournament, Columbus, Ohio.
- Wisconsin State Open, Milwaukee C.C.

Swimming

- Barthel (ed. Concor for small-size boats, Lake Michigan, Milwaukee

Tennis

- Natl. Jr. Girls championship, Beverly Hills Tennis Club, Chicago.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18

Baseball

- Karen Globetrotters vs. U.S. Stars, Victory Field, Indianapolis.

Boxing

- Gil Treppe vs. Al Badyers, welterweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m.

Riding

- Natl. jumping championships, Long Beach, Calif.

Football

- Los Angeles Rams vs. Washington Redskins (rehabilitation), Coliseum, Los Angeles, 8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

Horse Racing

- Plum Stakes, \$20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Washington Pk., Honeswood, Ill.
- Diana Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Swimming

- Natl. Penguin Class Single Natl. championships, Baltimore

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19

Football

- Philadelphia Eagles vs. Detroit Lions (rehabilitation), Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia, 9:00 p.m.

Golf

- Fort Wayne Open, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Swimming

- Blind Jay Natl. championship, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Southampton, Conn.
- Interlake Class A one, championship, Cold Spring Harbor Beach Club, N.Y.
- Quincy Challenge Cup Series, Hampton Bay, Mass.

Swimming

- Good Time Pass, \$20,000, 1 1/4 m., Yorks Raceway, N.Y.

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TRAVEL WISE



During the post-War II years Bermuda has become more popular than ever. The warmth of these mid-Atlantic Islands to the United States is an advantage. For example, H.C. offers "Travel Royal" from New York, almost a double-deck, 10-day cruise, with delicious cooked lunches, and complimentary meals de luxe. And Colonial Airlines offers daily 541-cruiser service between New York and Bermuda at tourist rates—\$60 round trip, plus tax. The experts, Lovers' Queens of Bermuda and Ocean Monarchs provide four glorious days at sea as part of your holiday, five day-week long.



The variety of living accommodations is amazing. The Reform Hotel with its 10-hole golf course and the waterside accommodations every thing for vacation fun.

Bermuda's largest seaside resort, Hamilton Hotel, is one of the world's greatest hotels. It has a great variety of amenities in Elbow Beach Club, an exclusive "resort estate" with beautiful beach, sports, dining, night life. And at Beach the Pines Hotel, Cottages and Beach Club has a park, plus a beautiful beach setting near Hamilton's shops and activities.

Bermuda's guest houses are unique. Cambridge Beach, a distinctive cottage colony, has bathing and water sports at reasonable prices. Famous Cottage Colony, one of Bermuda's most beautiful, ideal if you're taking the children. The Mid-Ocean Club has a world-famous golf course, a beautiful secluded beach and tropical atmosphere. Green's old Waterloo House, near Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, has private garden, old-world charm.



Hamilton's shops display the best Europe has to offer. You can shop up a gill in Wm. Clark & Co. in china, glass, silver or furniture. You'll find a complete stock of ladies' clothes in The Queen's Shop where jacket and de-luxe are done. A. B. C. and S. S. are wonderful you with imported items, shoes, antiques, furniture and everything for men and women. Peckham-Brown Co. has an outstanding selection of American, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, Indian, and many other goods. H. A. & R. Smith is the big store in Bermuda with just about everything in clothing, furnishings and antiques. If you can't find the clothing you want at Trimmings you are hard to please. For lunch, picnic, coffee, drinks and much more there's a Bread shop store. The Pharmacy, on Queen Street, has a lovely selection. The Irish Linn Shop, there is beautiful linen for every need. And your holiday isn't complete until you see how, through a magnificent collection, delicate, late 19th-century furniture. Magnificent stained glass, you can see, also shown at The Bermingham Theatre where you can see some of the best of the island. Some as shown, it's wonderful.



Millionaire Jim Kimberly's plastic visored crash helmet, like gloves and coveralls, custom socks and shoes, matches his red Ferrari. He won two races at Chanhassen — the Chicago Cup at an average of 82 mph and the Chanhassen Trophy at 78 mph. Below, a Kimberly crewman watches race from the custom-made maintenance van.



Redhead Ruth Victor and her Aug-driving husband Bill are track veterans. Ruth sends her husband in a vest checkered like a winner's flag. Other checks at Chanhassen: socks, shirts, caps.



NEW HERALDRY

Sports car racing teams dress the part for a reason

A NEW heraldry is developing in America—that of the sports car racing fraternity. Its one-point colored uniform is the coverall, but a coverall as far removed from the grease-monkey variety as a Lancia is from a hot rod. Its knight-errant is James H. Kimberly of Chicago, who since 1958 has raced in custom-made fire-engine red, from crash helmet to Ferrari. "Red's easy to spot," says Kimberly, who has to take signals from his all-red crew at a 160-mph clip. This summer drivers, mechanics and time-keeper wives at the Chanute Field, Ill. races wore the yellows, reds and greens of MGs, Jaguars and Cunninghams or the lucky checks of the finish flag.

Photographs by Art Koppelman

When in the pit, Mrs. C. L. Atkinson Jr. wears champagne-colored coveralls. "So my husband can see me when I wave him by," she says. Another woman shows driver his position.



Chanute Race chairman Ben Harris (left) checks with Mrs. Alice Kerner, captain of times. Mrs. Kerner shows her black-striped yellow uniforms from her own sports car apparel shop in Chicago. Above, driver Walt Gray, bogged with the dust, climbs judges' stand. His cuffs are secured for clutch and braking functions.

Sleek...



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YOUNG IN HEART . . . a gay aristocrat among colors adds dash to the eager lines of this Chrysler New Yorker DeLuxe. Forever kindling eye and pride, here is beauty that tells the world you drive the leader. You drive the most spirited and efficient of engines, the Chrysler 215. Yours is the subtle power of all, with instant response for every need.

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and, look
THE POWER OF LEADERSHIP IS YOURS IN A

Beautiful Chrysler

These jockey-size sluggers would look mighty big on the TV screen.

In Thailand (better known as King and I fans as Siam) you might expect Topic A to be the danger of a Communist invasion over the Laos border. But a recent communique from my Bangkok operative suggests that the average Bangkokian (or is it Bangkok-ker?) is even more concerned with the impending invasion of Robert Cohen, who was born in a place called Bone in French North Africa. It was Cohen who brought tears to the eyes of 20,000 Hellasians when he knocked out their idol, British bantamweight champion Johnny Kelly, in three rounds last winter.

Now that Cohen has become champion of Ireland as well as of all Europe and has been upgraded to No. 1 boy on Nat Fleischer's hit parade, he's closing in on Siam and Bangkok. Bangkok is not, as some of you may imagine, a seaport town on the Gulf of Siam. It's the name of a fat fighter in a recovered last—or in secrete—fight! who seems to have captured the Siamese imagination. To the 20 million Thai, Bangkok is a national hero. Some 60,000 admirers of this little king of Siam—a bigger crowd than Marlene and Charles drew a month ago—sat through a tropical downpour in an outdoor park to cheer him on in his close title fight with recently retired Jimmy Carruthers. If Bangkok can whip Cohen for the vacant bantam-weight title and bring Siam its first world's championship, Sept. 19 will become a national holiday over there.

Meanwhile, we've got a bantam-weight contender of our own, the slick Olympic champion Nate Brooks, who



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收稿日期: 2004-01-20; 修回日期: 2004-03-20; 录用日期: 2004-04-20; 责任编辑: 王瑞芳

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bears some resemblance to the old-time little giants who used to entertain on some 34 years ago. The inebriant Cohan-Songbird affair, and the activity of Brooks, Mexico's Macias, Belgium's Cosmopolis and other rated bantams gets me thinking of little men. Not the Louis May Alcott variety, or the Tom Thumb who was held for drill grounds in alcoholic visions. I mean the little men who used to populate, if not dominate, the marly art.

Jeckey-sized, some of them barely five feet tall, and weighing in from 110 to 130, they were a special race, those bantam gladiators, well named for the feathered battler whose finish fights are performed with such deadly fury that you forget his size in admiration for his burst-once energy. After their diet of ponderous heavyweights rated no contenders and top-tier middleweights who fight like willing preliminary boys, fight fans may be in the mood for a bantamweight revival. On

SUITABLE CAREER

Edward Charles's bare knuckle of featherweight Kid Chocolate strongly influenced him in making the ring his career. But it wasn't so much the Kid's dandling K.O. wallop that attracted Charles as it was his surburbs of 350 splits.

—Lick Head, Chicago Tribune

a TV screen, fighters only became one foot high anyway and it doesn't matter whether they are heavyweights or bantams as long as they fill the screen with excitement and ability.

In the earlier decades of this century, our bantamweights were as popular as middleweights are today. The bantams were regular attractions at the Garden and a champion like Joe Lynch, in the early '20s, could draw from 30 to 80 thousand dollars (and nice hard money it was too) with famous rivals like Pete Herman and Johnny Buff. Ed Moore, Midget Smith, Jack Sharkey, Eddie O'Keefe, Frankie Jensen and Abe Goldstein were little men with big names and their modest ring-up hundreds of thousands in box-office receipts. In those bantam-loving mid-Twenties there were sellout crowds for Pete Sarmiento (a boyhood favorite here) and Chick Suggs, and for Suggs vs. Bushy Graham, another stylish little man. My old friend Fidel La Barba drew 17,000 paying \$60/\$60 to see him win the flyweight title from Elky Clark; and his fights with Kid Chocolate, Bud Taylor and some of those other

BEN HOGAN picks a winner!

FROM UP CLOSE

By Tom Anderton

June 13, 1953—Jack Joyner, WRIR, was among those present when Ben Hogan was interviewed following his 67 in the first round of the U.S. Open in Pittsburgh.

One of the reporters, relays Jack, asked Hogan how he apparently had cured his strained back muscle overnight.

Hogan said he had applied Ben-Gay to the aching area . . . "That stuff's great," he said in effect.

Ben-Gay, né Bengué, is a tube of ointment practically every household keeps in the medicine cabinet.

— Knoxville Journal



BEN HOGAN, 4-time winner of the U. S. Open, '53 winner of U. S. Open, British Open and the Masters.

As all the sports world knows, Ben Hogan was the 1953 U. S. Open, proving once more that in top form he's virtually unbeatable. Why don't you take a tip from Ben Hogan? Keep Ben-Gay on hand always.



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pet'ro-la'tum (pě'trō-lā'tūm). n. [NL. See PETROL, PETROCHEM.] Pharm. A neutral anhydrous substance, without taste or odor, derived from petroleum and used in ointments, etc. — Webster's Dictionary.



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Lucky Tiger 3 Purpose Hair Tonic doesn't contain a drop of mineral oil or grease . . . yet it's so intense it keeps hair naturally in place all day long. And this clear, golden liquid is non-drying . . . contains a special "humectant" to keep hair moist and manageable.

Lucky Tiger conditions the scalp . . . starts your day with a "tingle" . . . gives you a lift like a brisk after-shave lotion. If dandruff bothers you, it's good to know Lucky Tiger relieves itching, dissolves dandruff flakes, kills on contact phytozporous scale — the infectious dandruff germ.

If your present hair tonic contains "liquid petrolatum" (the label will tell you), try non-greasy, non-drying Lucky Tiger 3 Purpose Hair Tonic . . . let science take over. At salicy counters and barber shops everywhere, Lucky Tiger Mfg. Co., Kansas City 8, Mo.

Get a **LIFT** with
Lucky Tiger
3 Purpose Hair Tonic



wonderful little guys made him rich enough to retire to sports writing.

But talking about these little men only in terms of the money they drew is like discussing the 1st Division of the U.S. Army in terms of the gross value of enemy material it captured. Behind the cold facts are fighting hearts, bedazzling skills and mighty deeds. I never saw faster, better, harder fights than La Barba's with Jimmy McLarnin, Young Nationalista, Frankie Genaro, Clever Senzio, Newboy Brown, Bushy Graham, Kid Chocolate. A round-robin of great fights that still pepper the memory-pitted doses of saved-off masters, among them Joey Sangor, Tony Canzoneri and Jimmy McLarnin, the latter two still in their bantamweight days. Like Jimmy Barry, George Dixon and the celebrated little tigers of 50 years ago, these were fighting men who cast shadows across ring history out of all proportion to their size.

Instead of clattering up our rings and our screens with the Johnny Gonzales, Bobby Dykes and some of the other slick-and-grab artists, the I.B.C. could do a lot worse than pairing Nate Brooks with the Mexican champion Raton Macias, and then back the winner into a world-title fight with Cohen or Sengilest. If the I.B.C. international set can fight even half as much as these scrappy little men of the past, millions of new stay-at-home boxing fans may yet see the kind of fighting that gives heart to every little guy who seeks to increase his stature by elevating his spirit rather than his shoes.

IT'S ILLEGAL . . .



. . . to play marbles in Evanston, Ind., on Sunday. (State law prohibits the holding of frog-jumping contests in night clubs. In Missouri it is illegal to play any game on the Sabbath.)

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YOU SHOULD KNOW *continued*

Exercise your dog at least twice a day (four times is better). A short-haired dog can have a flat collar, but a long-haired dog should have a chain or a rolled collar. The flat collar on a long-haired dog will retard hair growth.

* * *

Bedroom and bath

A dog can stand a lot of cold but not drafts. Sleeping quarters should not be near windows or doors. For spring and summer, cedar shavings in a clean casing make a cool, sanitary bed. In the winter, cotton filling supplies more warmth.

Don't bathe your dog before he is six months old and then only in warm weather. Dry thoroughly close to the skin to avoid chilling. Daily combing and brushing helps to eliminate frequent baths, as do dry shampoos which get at surface dirt and deodorize dog odors. These can be purchased for less than \$1.50.

* * *

One more mouth

There are many dog foods on the market, each with claims of special ingredients that make it best for your dog. Don't believe them. All dog foods are generally made of the same basic ingredients. Flavor is the only real difference. Pick one your pup likes. Dogs no longer should be fed exclusively on table scraps, with disregard for vitamins.

* * *

Understanding each other

Your dog's name should be one syllable. This can be taught by calling him at feeding time and repeating his name. He will soon associate the sound with something pleasant. When you reprimand the dog, go to him. If you call him to you he'll associate his name with your displeasure and you will have the makings of a canine delinquent.

The dog pays attention to the shadings and inflections of your voice, so make your commands short—stay, here, come, sit, heel, down, etc. Don't substitute phrases; stick to one word. The voice should show approval, displeasure, shame and affection. Train your dog before he has eaten, when he is more alert. Lessons should be businesslike and should not be longer than 10 minutes.

* * *

Home clinic

Learn to recognize symptoms of sickness in your dog. The signs usually are easy to read. If the dog goes off feed, whimpers when picked up or touched, develops a discharge from the eyes or nose, or is just lethargic, a visit to a veterinarian is indicated.

Don't neglect inoculations for distemper and infectious hepatitis. These puppy diseases are much easier to prevent than they are to cure. Get your pup a temporary distemper shot right away at your local veterinarian's. The vet will then advise you of the proper time for the permanent inoculations, which will safeguard the pup permanently. Thanks to a new development, distemper and hepatitis serum can be injected in one combined "shot." Remember, distemper kills 75% of all dogs who contract it, so play safe and take no chances.

* * *

Information

The best source for information about dogs and their care is the American Kennel Club, 221 Fourth Ave., New York, N.Y. They will supply you with recommended reading lists and the like. There are many books on dog care, so many that the experts can't agree which are best. Ask your veterinarian. There are, in addition, three all-breed magazines for dog lovers: *Dog World* (Judy Publishing Co., Chicago), *Popular Dogs* (Popular Dogs Publishing Co., Philadelphia) and *Purebred Dogs* (American Kennel Club, New York).

You are legally responsible for your pet, so be sure you have a standard comprehensive personal-liability policy which covers the acts of your dog. Dog licenses and leashes are local affairs. Check your local police department. Like a child, a puppy should be given gifts. Hard rubber toys are best. He also should have an identification tag with your name—not his—and your address and phone number. This may save your children many hours of distress. It also may spare you a wistful ramble through the neighborhood at cocktail time or midnight.

by The Know-it-all

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TRABERT'S TROUBLE

He's had plenty this season and it's nobody's fault but his own

by **WILLIAM F. TALBERT**

WHEN Tony Trabert won the National singles championship at Forest Hills last September, a lot of people—myself included—felt that the U.S. had found a new Kramer or Hudge or Tilden. So far, it looks like we were wrong. Tony lost in Australia, where he was the No. 1 man on the Davis Cup team. He lost again at the Indoor in New York, and again in the national clay court in Chicago. This past summer he went to Wimbledon and was put out in the semifinals by Ken Rosewall, 3-6, 4-3, 4-4, 6-1, 6-1. A fortnight ago in Denver, Tony needed five sets to beat Gardner Mulloy, who is old enough to be his father.

Trabert is just 34. He is tall, strong,

keen, experienced, and he possesses a power game of infinite potentialities. Other American champions, some of them with less natural talent and relatively slight physical powers, consistently annihilated their opposition. What's the matter with Tony Trabert?

I am asked this question often, and with good reason: Tony and I are both from Cincinnati, we have played together successfully in doubles (The combination of Talbert & Trabert has won 25 of 27 tournaments) and I was his captain for the Davis Cup matches in Australia. People think I should know the answer; I think I do.

So, for that matter, so Gar Mulloy and Jack Kramer. We were talking



about what might be called "the Trubert problem" during the Deaver tournament. Although Kramer is a professional now, his interest in amateur tennis is not academic. Kramer sincerely wants the U.S. to have a great amateur champion. He also has a legitimate personal interest. If and when Tony becomes "the best player in the world," as he has said he hopes to be, he probably will turn pro and play for Kramer. That could mean money in the bank for both of them.

"One trouble with Tony," Jack said, "is that he's not as good as he thinks he is. He's got to quit looking for alibis, and work hard to improve his game. Another thing—he's got to toughen up his hide. A great champion can't let himself be upset by a bad call or a heckler. Finally, he's got to eat, sleep and live tennis. You can't do this if you're worrying about outside problems."

Kramer is right on all counts. I've seen Tony lose too many times, by now, because of a bad call or because the crowd got under his skin. In the Pacific Southwest tournament he had Ken Rosewall all but beaten when he received a doubtful ruling. He fell apart. In the Australian championships the crowd quite naturally was pulling heavily for old John Newcombe, who has done too well to miss. Tony was upset by this violent partisanship and he blew the match.

After Trubert's defeat at Wimbledon, I heard from mutual friends that he was "tired." Tired? How could he be—tired at 23? He had managed it, I subsequently learned, by knocking himself out in a series of unexpectedly difficult doubles matches hastily arranged up the Wimbledon committee. His subsequent loss in the singles is thus less surprising than some of his other misadventures.

I said earlier that Tony's game has infinite possibilities. That's, more or less, "generalities." Tony may be the defending champion of the U.S., but he is still a challenge for the world's championship. He is not on top of the heap, but only on one of the slopes. Many people who were hailing him a year ago have already written him off.

I have not, but I think it is time Tony grow up. Nobody is going to hand him any titles. He will have to work hard to keep what he has, harder to achieve more. He will have to acquire emotional control on the court and he will have to make many sacrifices off it. In short, he will have to devote the next year unconditionally to tennis; unless he becomes a willing slave to the game, Tony Trubert will never become its master.



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YESTERDAY

THE BELLE OF THE SEVENTIES

America's most beloved horse was a lady named Goldsmith Maid who raced for 13 years, set world records for the mile and gained a popularity that has yet to be excelled

THE MAID'S POPULARITY was demonstrated on Aug. 12, 1868, when 25,000 saw her win a heat (right) at the Buffalo, N.Y. Driving Park. Whenever she raced, she drew comparably large and enthusiastic crowds.



PORTRAIT OF THE MAID supports her admirers' description of her as being "like a doe in appearance and thoroughly feminine."

AMERICA's first sports hero was a horse, a graceful bay mare with blinding speed and a bewitching personality named Goldsmith Maid. Her popularity as a campaigner and a favorite of the crowds has never been excelled even to this day. During her career (1865-77) she trotted 428 heats, appearing on every great track in the country from New England to California, and drew huge crowds everywhere. So great was her popularity that she was paid \$5,000 for mere exhibitions against time. Men scrambled for her castoff shoes whenever she was shod. In 1876 all the employees of a large shoe factory in North Brookfield, Mass. walked out and journeyed to Springfield, 35 miles away, to see her perform. Whole villages used to gather at the depot for a glimpse of her as she passed through. No stall on a jolting boxcar was for The Maid. She had her own private car. It was always



HARVEY B. BROWN, 1908

looked on to passenger trains and in one end was a drawing room for her driver, Bud Doble.

Born on a New Jersey farm in 1857, The Maid was no equine aristocrat. Her sire was a son of Ryndyk's Hambletonian but her ma was a worn-out cart horse of questionable lineage. Nellie was The Maid's first name and she was so high-spirited and unruly in her youth that she kicked several buggies to bits before she could be broken to harness. Her first owner, John B. Decker, gave up on her and sold her for a trifling sum. One of her owners (she had five in all) was Alden Goldenmith, who bought her in 1865 for \$450 and a second-hand buggy, and furnished her with a new name. Goldenmith taught her to trot and entered her in her first race when she was an eight-year-old, much too old for a beginner, everyone thought. She won the race easily against an experienced field. It was the

start of an amazing 13-year career during which she won over 350 heats and \$7 out of 123 races, many of which were best-three-out-of-five heat races. She had 16 seconds, seven thirds, ran fourth once, went unplaced twice.

Three times The Maid crossed the continent, racing on both coasts and throughout the Midwest, and never once did she miss a performance. An iron campaigner, she traveled some 120,000 miles by rail and made countless short jumps between towns under her own steam in her early days.

The Maid was ageless and her speed increased as she grew older. At the advanced age of 14, when most horses are finished, she stepped the fastest mile in trotting history: two minutes, 17 seconds. Unbelievably, she lowered her own mark six more times until she reached 2:14, the fastest of her career. That was in 1874 when she was 18, the equine equivalent of almost 50

years in a human. As a middle-aged girl she went undefeated from 1871 through 1874 against younger horses of both sexes. Not until she was 23 did she call it quits, when she ran an exhibition mile for Governor Leland Stanford of California. Her time was only two seconds off her own world record. At that age she was still as fire and unblemished as a three-year-old.

Four years ago when Proximity, a harness racer, stretched his earnings to \$332,929.67 the sports pages noted that he had broken the all-time record of \$266,482.50 which was set by The Maid in 1877. It had taken 73 years as well as inflated purses to do it. These figures, however, are based on race winnings only. With exhibition money added, The Maid earned \$264,373.50, perhaps more than any other harness horse in history. Whether or not, the bells of the '70s still stands as America's most remarkable horse.



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